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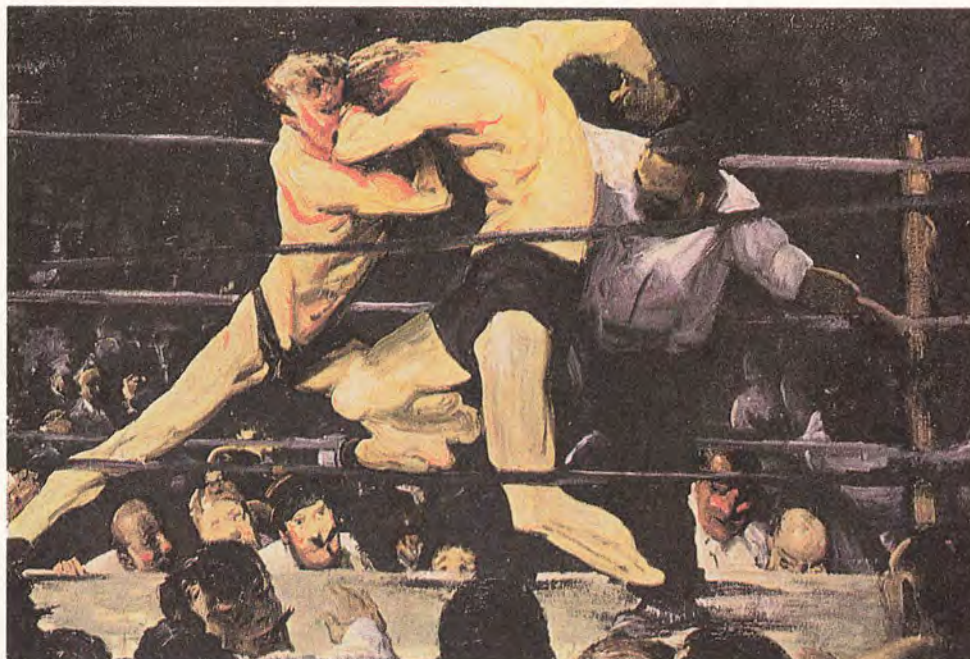
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SPORTS HISTORY



COVER: Gayle Sayers was one of a long line of feared Chicago Bear running backs. Ironically, this Hall-of-Famer's professional career was cut short by a knee injury just as was Red Grange's, the Bear's great runner of the mid-1920's who was instrumental in establishing the professional game as a big-league sport (Story, page 26). ABOVE: Despite its claims to "scientific" tactics, boxing remains true to its primeval origins. It is a stark battle of man against man, offense versus defense, in a bare, roped-in enclosure. There is no protection, no place to hide. There is only the enemy...and the screaming crowd beyond (Story, page 34).

6 EDITORIAL

8 PERSONALITY

Hot Rod Hundley knew how to put on a show. After him, basketball would never be the same.

By John H. Wukovits

10 GREAT MOMENTS

The first sea-going contest between British and American yachts was much more than a mere boat race among the idle rich.

By Henry Salisbury

12 STATS

Spitz, Weissmuller and Fraser—the greatest swimmers of all.

By Timothy Baker Shutt

17 SPORTS TRIVIA QUIZ

50 BOOKS

The Red Sox had been losers for years. Then they realized their "impossible dream."

By M.A.C. Stevens

18 DAYS OF RELENTLESS COMEBACKS

By Joseph Lawler

In 1960, the Pittsburgh Pirates went to the World Series for the first time since 1927. The New York Yankees had beaten them that year, and now, in '60, they faced the mighty Bronx Bombers again.

26 PRO FOOTBALL'S BEAR BEGINNINGS

By Rick Korch

George Halas sat on the running board of a shiny new Hupmobile in a Canton, Ohio, auto showroom. He and 11 other hopeful franchise owners were virtually penniless, but they had a golden opportunity.

34 THRILLER IN THREE ACTS

By Bert Randolph Sugar

The lackluster middleweight division finally had its long-awaited dream match—upright Tony Zale would meet Rocky Graziano, a man from a place where both sides of the track were wrong.

42 PROTECTION AGAINST ORGANIZED MAYHEM

By Jeffery D. Wert

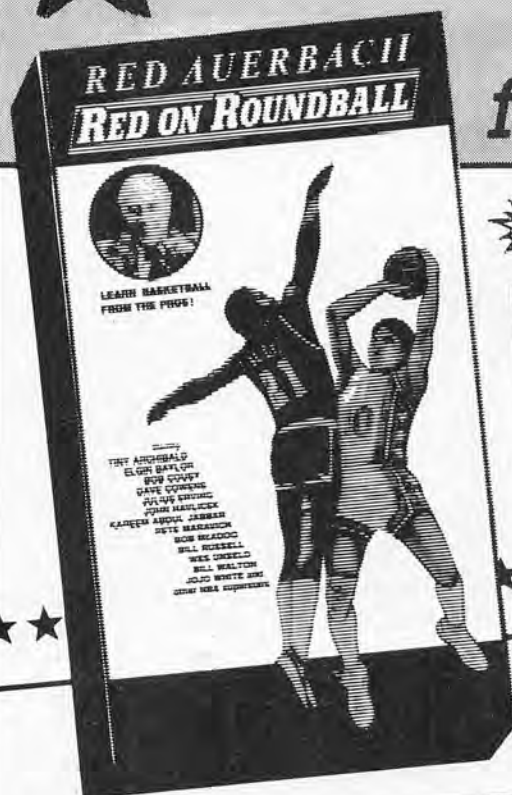
As the gladiators of the gridiron grew more proficient, so did their equipment and uniforms, influencing both the strategy and tactics of this singular form of war.

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In boxing, winning or losing is determined publicly in a most intensely personal manner.

The Tony Zale-Rocky Graziano fights give a kaleidoscopic view of both the drama and the comedy of the human condition within the confines of the squared circle and its immediate environs. The writer of our story (see Page 34) is Bert Randolph Sugar, the former editor of *The Ring* Magazine and one of this country's foremost students of the manly arts.

Among the many classic ring confrontations that Mr. Sugar has described to his readers is another fight that exceeded even the thrilling Zale-Graziano battles in both public and personal ramifications.

On June 22, 1938, Joe Louis met the German Max Schmeling for the heavyweight championship of the world. No other fight in boxing history had ever had such political and sociological significance.

It was Hitler's Teutonic Aryan favorite against a black American.

Actually, this was a return engagement. Louis and Schmeling had met two years before. At that time, Schmeling was the ex-heavyweight champion of the world, and Joe Louis was undefeated, but had not yet won the crown for himself.

Louis was the prohibitive favorite. His record was 27 straight victories, 23 by knockout. The fight's first rounds seemed to prove the odds-makers' prescience. By the end of the first three rounds, the German's left eye was virtually closed as Louis unerringly landed a stream of stinging left jabs onto his target.

Inexplicably, Louis changed tactics in the next round. The jab became a hook, and suddenly Schmeling saw opportunity knocking. He powered a tremendous overhand right to Louis' head and dropped the favorite to the



Joe Louis reigned as heavyweight champion for twelve years. In the photo above he has just knocked out Max Schmeling in two minutes and four seconds of the first round of their return match.

canvas. Louis was up at the count of two, but he never really recovered. The end came in the 12th when Schmeling crunched his dazed opponent with two more of those deadly overhand bombs.

The rematch would prove to be much shorter, and even more decisive. Joe Louis was now heavyweight champion, and his only loss had been to Max Schmeling. Adding to the resonance of the occasion was the role played by Schmeling's most public and vociferous fan, Adolf Hitler.

Der Führer even took a few moments off from planning the conquest of Europe to reach out and touch Max with a telephone call just before the internationally heralded title fight.

He might as well have saved his *Reichsmark*. Before half a minute had gone by, Louis had sent the German to

his knees with a vicious left hook to his chin, followed by a rain of blows to the challenger's body.

The 75,000 fans in Yankee Stadium screamed for a knockout, and Louis didn't disappoint them. Twice more Schmeling was felled. The third time, a towel fluttered into the ring from his corner.

The Brown Bomber had avenged his only loss in just 2:04 of the match's first round.

Everyone knows the public outcome of this fight. Louis won, and by doing so hammered another nail into the Nazi myth of Aryan supremacy.

But one can only wonder of the private satisfactions and disappointments of the two fighters.

Louis had had to confront racism in his own country. He had to have felt the irony of his position, a black man fighting (publicly) for the honor of a largely white America. In

his stunning victory, he must have shared (privately) the swelling pride that surged through the black ghettos of the nation.

And Schmeling, a decent man by every account, had to have been disappointed by the fight's outcome; nevertheless, he also must have been relieved (privately) at no longer being Hitler's great Aryan hope.

Public perceptions, private reflections . . . the Louis-Schmeling fight generated a complex web of conflicting emotions. Only the match itself was resolved. As Bert Sugar says, "Boxing is the purest sport there is."

He's right—in a sense boxing is a kind of distillation of life, itself. One is left rather wistfully wishing that the latter's outcome could be as clear.

M.B.F.

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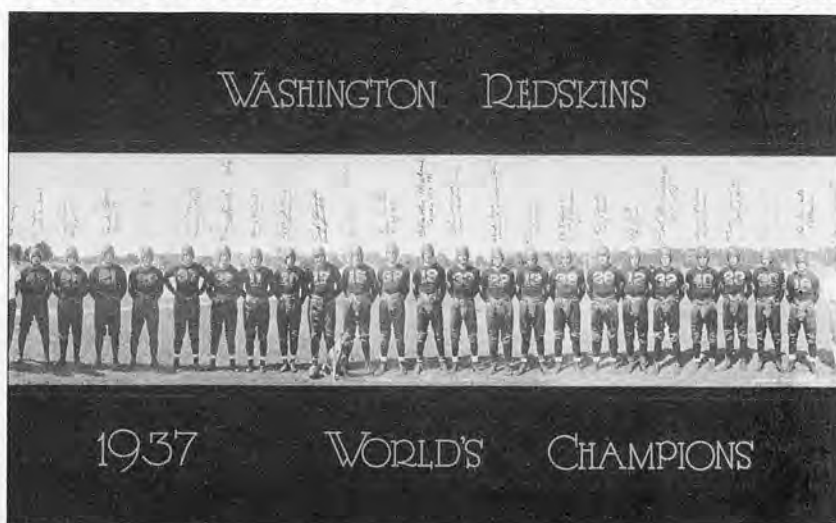
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Hot Rod Hundley knew how to put on a show, but he never forgot that winning was the name of the game.

By John Wukovits

College freshman basketball sensation Rod Hundley was leading a fast break down the court for his University of West Virginia team during a 1954 game when a curious thing happened. The opponent, who was vainly trying to guard the slick Hundley, tripped over his own feet and went sprawling ingloriously to the floor. Rather than driving by him for an easy basket, Hundley stopped dribbling and bent over in uncontrollable laughter. Hundley reached down and helped the bewildered opponent to his feet, and the crowd reacted appreciatively with loud applause.

The very next time down the floor, Hundley sent the spectators into wild delight when he did a jitterbug dance step with the ball. Right then, amidst the cheers and laughter, he knew he had tapped into something that was really big. "Hey, you could hear it," Hundley recalled. "The place is buzzing. And that's when it happened. This little bell rang. I said, 'Rod, baby, what have you got here?'"

Rod Hundley was about to become "Hot" Rod Hundley, a basketball player with extraordinary skills who could not only win basketball games, but could also send the crowd home knowing they had seen a show.

Laughter was not always a part of Hundley's life. Born October 26, 1934, in Charleston, W. Va., he was raised by a series of families after his parents divorced when Hundley was two years old. His father, Lou, was a meat-cutter who spent much of his time in local pool halls. His mother, Cora, moved to Washington, D.C., where she eventually remarried and ran a restaurant-bar with her second husband.

"I never knew my folks as a kid,"



Rod Hundley's repertoire of fancy dribbles, passes and shot-making led one onlooker to remark, "We could be playing the Girl Scouts and he'd still fill the joint."

remembers Hundley. "My dad was around all those years, but we didn't have anything to do with each other. I saw him occasionally in the pool hall, but he didn't speak to me, unless I spoke first."

He does not recall seeing his mother until later in life, but he had no hard feelings toward either parent. His mother once asked him if he hated her for leaving him. "Wasn't that some kind of question? I told her I didn't. No more than I hated my old man. I mean, we can't none of us help what we are and what life does to us."

Hundley was first raised by George and Mamie Sharp, a couple in their late fifties who could afford little more than food and a place to stay for

Hundley. They all lived in a small house, and Hundley used to sleep behind a curtain under the stairs where, he recalls: "Oh damn, it used to get cold."

During Hundley's senior year in high school, he moved into a hotel owned by the mother of one of his friends, Tommy Crutchfield. He was able to come and go as he pleased, which made him the envy of many of his schoolmates, but Hundley felt somewhat differently about it.

"Lots of kids probably envy the freedom I had all those years. I used to look at those kids with families, real families, and it was like they were in another world from me. I wanted to belong very badly, but I didn't, and I knew it. I never fit in. I was always like a round peg in a square hole, always on the outside looking in."

Basketball became Hundley's way of fitting in and feeling wanted. Less than two blocks away from the Sharp residence was a playground where Hundley

joined neighborhood chums in all types of sports. Basketball quickly became his favorite, and rarely a day went by that he did not traipse to the outdoor handball court to practice his ball-handling skills.

"I would dribble the ball and bounce it off the handball court walls," remembers Hundley.

Hundley's talent overshadowed anyone else on the basketball floor in junior high school. He set new records for most points in one game (37), most points for a season (441), and in ninth grade (the last year of junior high) he singlehandedly outscored the entire opposing squad seven times.

The Hundley legend continued to
Continued on page 62



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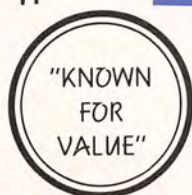
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The original America was a breakthrough in racing yacht design more revolutionary than Australia's winged keel.

By Henry Salisbury

The wind was rising, and suddenly the yacht *America* found herself being outpaced by the small British cutter *Volante* in the first "America's Cup" race in a long, distinguished history.

Of course, it wasn't called by that appellation on this warm August morning. The correct title of the cup purchased as the prize for this race between the American schooner and 14 British yachts was officially and formally named, "The Royal Yacht Squadron's One Hundred Guinea Cup."

At this moment, some 20 or so minutes into the race, it seemed that the baroque silver trophy might remain with the Royal Yacht Squadron, and that the U.S. entry, after an unlucky last-place start, would never recover to take her rightful place in yachting's racing annals.

This first official contest between British and American yachts was much more than a mere boat race among the idle rich. Indeed, it had a resonance that went far beyond such mundane considerations. At its very basis was the question of technological superiority between two kindred nations, and perhaps even more important, it was seen as a test of the level of will and dedication that each could bring to bear to emerge the triumphant force in the modern world.

Ironically, the year of the race between *America* and her British competitors was 1851, the same year the British organized the Great Exposition, the first of the modern world's fairs celebrating technological progress. Already, the Empire had felt the heat of a growing American competitiveness, especially at sea. The first of the great clipper ships had been launched just six years previously, and suddenly the "backward" former colonies were playing a significant role in international commerce, and at speed-over-distance that the steamships of the day couldn't match.



The *America's* length was just over 100 feet, with a maximum width of 23 feet. She carried 5,263 square feet of cotton-duck sails cut to exacting standards unknown to British rivals.

Even nearly a century-and-a-half ago, *America* was in love with speed. And a small group of wealthy society gentlemen were able to indulge that particular affection when they formed a syndicate to fund the fabrication of the *America*.

The men in question were all members of the nation's first successful yachting organization, the New York Yacht Club, formed in 1844. The club's presiding officer, or "Commodore," was a blueblood by the name of John Cox Stevens. It was he who headed the syndicate made up of five similar worthies.

A man of inherited wealth who had had the talent to increase it, Stevens' great love seems to have been sports rather than business. Stevens was roundly condemned for Anglophile leanings when he introduced the English sport of cricket, but quickly recovered in his countrymen's eyes when he established one of the nation's first "modern" baseball diamonds at the Elysian Fields near Hoboken, N.J., a piece of family property that had been opened to public use as a park.

All the syndicate members were in agreement that the type of yacht they needed should be modeled on the pilot

boats that plied New York harbor. The fastest of the lot was the *Mary Taylor* built for Captain Richard "Old Dick" Brown, generally considered to be the best pilot captain around. Its designer was George Steers, a young man rapidly making quite a name for himself as a most innovative practitioner in a normally conservative trade.

Before the *Mary Taylor*, no vessel had been built with the center of displacement behind the widest point of the hull (the beam). Also, the *Mary Taylor's* bow was unusually sharp rather than rounded, and her overall length was longer in relation to width

than usual. In other words, the vessel had a modern, almost streamlined look. As a result, there was less drag, better balance, and most important of all . . . more speed.

When the syndicate members came to Steers for their new boat, the general plan of the *Mary Taylor* was followed, only to an even greater extreme. George Steers was no naval architect as we understand the term today. He used no plans, made no calculations. He simply carved a model. When it or a successor finally "looked" right, he merely multiplied the dimensions according to scale and cut out full-sized patterns to guide the shaping of the ship's timbers.

The U.S. wasn't nearly as egalitarian nearly a century-and-a-half ago as it is today. The yachting swells thought nothing of taking every advantage they could over a workingman, and the *America* syndicate men were no different from their peers. The contract that Steers was forced to sign was so one-sided as to be virtually unfulfillable. Incredibly, the trial criteria before commissioning the vessel were to be umpired by one George Schyler—a member of the syndicate.

Continued on page 54

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Spitz, Weissmuller and Fraser may have been the best swimmers who ever lived.

By Timothy Baker Shutt

As the saying goes, there are champions, and then there are champions. Every year somebody wins the Masters, somebody triumphs in Women's Singles at Wimbledon, somebody leads the American League in homers. But that is not to say that all champions are equal. Nobody ever confused Gus Zernial or Ben Oglivie with Harmon Killebrew, despite the fact that all three won home-run crowns. And nobody ever confused any of them with Babe Ruth.

The fact is, from time to time athletes appear who are so superlatively gifted that they transcend the apparent limitations of their sport and transform it. Such athletes do not just win. They win by margins never before conceived possible—and they keep on winning for a long time.

But talents of this caliber are rare, and their arrival is unpredictable.

There have been many champion swimmers since the Cavill brothers of Sydney, Australia, (Dick, Ernest, Charles, Percy, Tums, and Syd) began winning freestyle races with the newly invented overarm crawl back at the turn of the century. (Before that time, freestylers ordinarily swam sidestroke or breaststroke.) But two swimming champions stand far above the rest—Johnny Weissmuller and Mark Spitz.

Not very big as world-class swimmers go, Mark Spitz stood six feet even, if that, and weighed about 160 pounds for most of his competitive career. Whippetlike and wiry, he was never overpoweringly strong. But Spitz was remarkably supple—his leg flexibility was legendary—and he had from the outset an almost magical "feel for the water." This is the great intangible where swimming talent is concerned—hard to categorize and impossible to teach, it is an innate gift and unmistak-



Mark Spitz had forecast six gold medals for himself in the 1968 Mexico City Olympics. He only won two. But in 1972 at Munich, he won seven golds—to set an Olympic record.

able when one sees it. A swimmer with feel for the water looks as if he or she is doing a horizontal rope climb—no slippage at all. There is something almost unnatural about it, like seeing a fork or spoon float in midair. But nothing is more valuable to a swimmer, and no one in recent memory had better "feel" than Spitz.

Spitz received his early training under Sherm Chavoor with the Arden Hills club in Sacramento, first gaining national attention as a distance swimmer (Chavoor's coaching specialty). As a 16-year-old, Spitz came within two-tenths of a second of breaking the world record in the 1,650-yard freestyle. (In the U.S., swimming events are usually measured in yards for most high schools and colleges, and in meters for Olympic and other international events.)

But it was as a butterflyer that Spitz really came into his own. In 1966, as a sophomore swimming under George Haines at Santa Clara, which then had

the dominant high school team in the nation, Spitz set a national high school record in the 100-yard butterfly with a time of 51.9 seconds, while also gaining All-American recognition in seven of the nine remaining events.

And in 1967, Spitz announced himself as the outstanding swimmer in the world by posting one of the most dazzling seasons on record. That year he was once again an All-American in eight events and led the nation in five of them, breaking three individual high-school records and tying a third. More impressive, Spitz became the first person to go under 50.0 seconds for the 100-yard fly, notching a time of 49.1, more than a second faster than the collegiate record. His 200-yard individual medley and 200

butterfly times likewise surpassed National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) marks by 1968. Spitz was established as the world's dominant butterflyer and probably the world's most capable all-around freestyler and individual medley specialist, as well.

Never notably hardworking by the Spartan standards of serious swimming, never notably team-oriented, Spitz was brash, outspoken, and self-centered. And he was heartily disliked by many of his fellow swimmers.

Even so, Spitz was the hottest collegiate prospect in swimming history when he trundled off to Mexico City for the 1968 Olympics. He was a clear favorite in both fly events, a strong contender in the 100-meter freestyle, and a shoo-in for three heavily favored U.S. relays. Back in 1924 at Paris, Paavo Nurmi, the "flying Finn," had won five gold medals as a distance runner. In 1964 at Tokyo, Spitz's Santa Clara and Olympic teammate,

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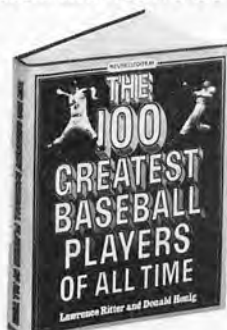
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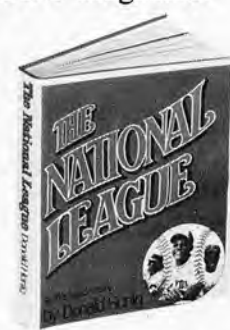
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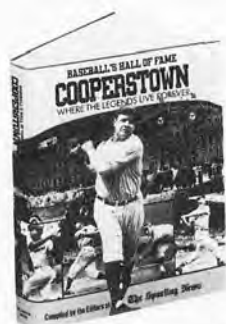
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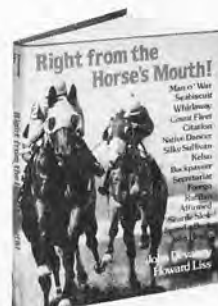
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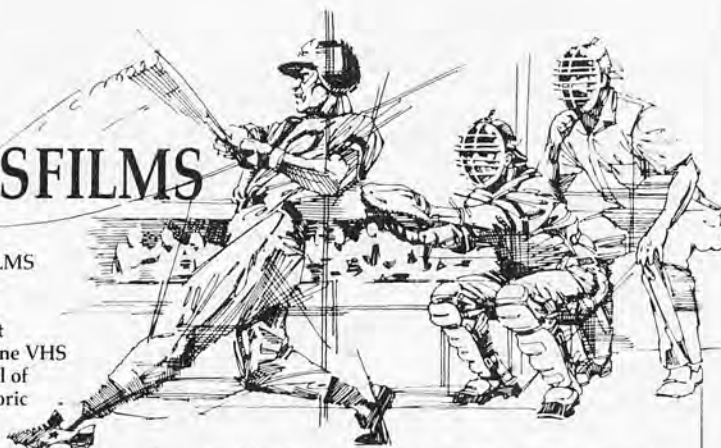
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Don Schollander, (by now a Yale graduate eager to defend his titles) had won four golds, the most ever by a swimmer. Spitz thought he had a good chance of winning six.

Undone by a variety of minor medical problems—and by nerves—Spitz wound up taking only two gold medals, both in relays. He garnered a bronze in the 100-meter freestyle and a silver in the 100-fly, losing his speciality to Doug Russell of Texas. This crushing disappointment filled Spitz's many detractors with glee.

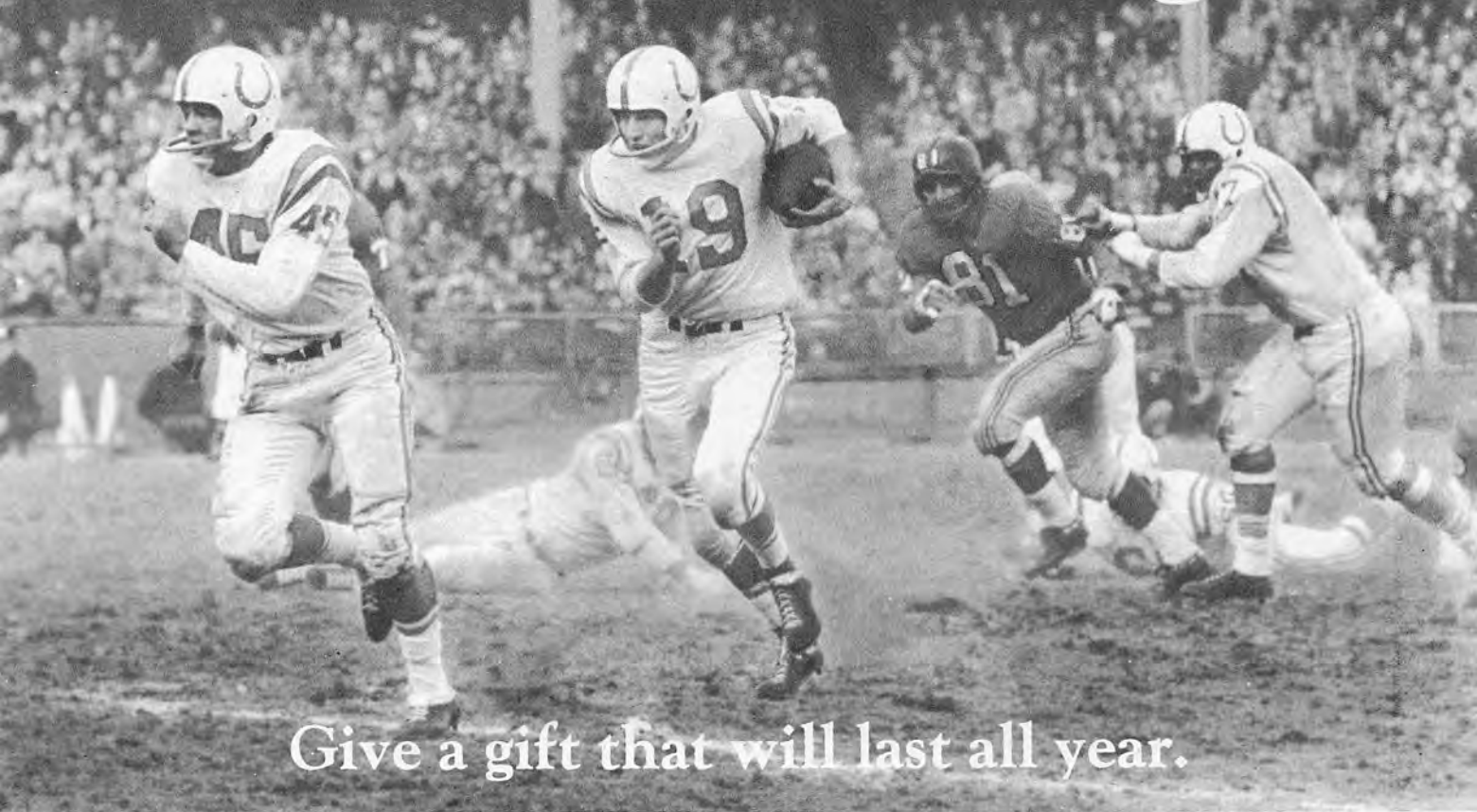
But Spitz was not destroyed by humiliation or the ill will of his peers. Originally planning to attend California State University at Long Beach to join forces with Hans Fassnacht, a ferocious German distance specialist, Spitz instead enrolled at Indiana University, where Dr. James Counsilman, a master psychologist and the most respected swimming coach in America, was in the process of founding a dynasty. The Hoosiers had won the first of six consecutive national titles the previous year, and Counsilman soothed Spitz's bruised ego and took the young superstar under his wing.

The treatment worked. Six months after the Mexico City debacle, Spitz led Indiana to its second national crown, becoming the first swimmer to break 1:40.0 in winning the 200-yard freestyle, outdueling his almost-teammate Fassnacht (by .09 seconds) in a record-setting 500-yard free, and taking his revenge on Russell in the 100-yard fly.

Spitz never again lost a butterfly title, and the Hoosiers continued to win with monotonous regularity throughout Spitz's career. His finest collegiate performance, however, came in 1972 as a senior when he prepared to vindicate himself once and for all at Munich. In the NCAA championships that year, Spitz turned in a record-smashing time of 47.98 in the 100-yard fly, besting Jerry Heidenreich, another Texan, by a second-and-a-half. In the 200-yard fly, Spitz was even more impressive—he obliterated all previous marks with a time of 1:46.89. No one else in the field could beat 1:51.00.

It was his performance at the Munich Olympics of 1972, though, that made Spitz a world-famous figure. He had qualified for seven races and was favored in all of them, or in, perhaps, all save one (the pesky Heidenreich was a real threat in the 100-meter free). This time there were no predictions. And this time Spitz triumphantly lived up to his notices—first in three relays, first in the 100-meter free, first in the 200-meter free,

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and first in both butterfly races. No one since has approached his mark of seven titles in a single Olympiad, and Spitz went home the man of the hour, ready to appear with Bob Hope on television, ready to make a fortune in advertising and endorsements.

But none of that quite turned out as planned—Spitz simply did not have the easy presence for television work.

Television personality aside, Spitz was unquestionably the most talented butterfly who ever lived. He held world records in all strokes and distances save in backstroke and breaststroke—and in the backstroke, he notched times very close to the world record. Beyond all doubt, Spitz was the finest swimmer of his era, rivaled in dominance since his retirement only by the sterling Soviet distance swimmer Vladimir Salnikov, rivaled in versatility by no one, save by his contemporary (and Indiana teammate), Gary Hall.

His records remained competitive marks for nearly a decade. Spitz himself, while in his early thirties, could still ring up times that approached, if not equaled the swimmers of the day. But was he the best ever?

Johnny Weissmuller thought not, and perhaps Weissmuller was right. Weissmuller is most famous nowadays as Tarzan (his acting career, in contrast to Spitz's, was successful—the Arnold Schwarzenegger of the 1930s and '40s), but as a swimmer he was every bit as impressive as Spitz, perhaps more so. Weissmuller's records certainly lasted longer, and over the course of an eight-year career, he never lost a single race—any stroke, any distance. After retiring from official competition, Weissmuller used to travel from town to town to challenge the locals to field a *relay* against him. He beat the relays. Spitz could not have done that—though, to be fair, in Weissmuller's time, before the rise of the age-group program, there were a lot fewer competitive swimmers.

Spitz won more gold medals—nine to five—but when Weissmuller competed, Olympic swimming events were fewer. Of the seven races Spitz won at Munich, only two were contested in 1924. Those two Weissmuller won, and another besides.

In 1928, Weissmuller set a world record of 51.0 seconds in the 100-yard indoor freestyle—not, by contemporary standards, a very impressive time. (Distances eligible for world records have varied over the years.) Yet the record stood for 16 years. It is not yet 16 years since Munich, and all of Spitz's records are gone. And if, as is reported, Weissmuller really did

turn in a 47.8 in an unofficial exhibition in Billy Rose's aqua-show in 1938, his performance is even more astounding. If that report is true, there is no question as to who was the greatest swimmer ever. No one bettered that time until the early 1960s.

Spitz or Weissmuller—who comes first? Perhaps it is best not to decide. They competed under different conditions, and they competed with near-equal success. Let us say they are the two most talented male swimmers who ever lived.

The best female swimmer of all time is more difficult to determine. No woman has dominated swimming to quite the extent that Spitz or Weissmuller did—though some have come close. Ann Curtis, many-time national champion and 1944 Sullivan Trophy winner, had her best chance for Olympic gold snatched away by World War II, though she was still sharp enough as late as 1948 to take the 400-meter freestyle title at London. Kornelia Ender, winner of four golds in 1976 at Montreal, led the East German rise to aquatic prominence (East Germany still dominates women's swimming), and in the process became the first woman to break 2:00.0 for

the 200-meter freestyle. But, in the end, neither was quite so impressive as Australia's irrepressible Dawn Fraser.

A big, strong woman, standing 5'9" and weighing about 160, Fraser was in several ways an anomaly within the tidy confines of women's athletics. A working-class girl in a relatively decorous country-club sport, she gained world renown late, but stayed on top longer than anyone before or since. Fraser was already 19 when she won her first Olympic titles at Melbourne in 1956. Most female world-record holders are 16 or 17, and many are younger. Fraser was 23 when she won her second 100-meter freestyle crown at Rome four years later. At the age of 24, she became the first woman under a minute for the 100-meter freestyle, with a time of 59.5. A year later, she improved her mark with a 58.9. And at Tokyo, in 1964, she became, at age 27, the only swimmer in history to win three successive Olympic titles in the same event, defeating Americans Pokey Watson and Sharon Stouder to win a third Olympic 100 crown. She was, by this time, nearly twice the age of her competitors—and still going strong.

A little too strong in fact. Always outspoken and free-spirited, Fraser

made no secret of her dislike for training, her taste for beer. Rules and chaperones designed to protect 15-year-olds struck the adult Fraser as irksome, and she often ignored them. Finally she went too far. Celebrating, as the story has it, at the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, Fraser decided to take a flag home with her as a souvenir. The Palace guards objected, and rather than turning the contraband over, Fraser plunged into the palace moat, using her world-championship form in a futile bid for freedom. The Australian authorities were not amused, and in the resulting brouhaha, Fraser found herself banned from Olympic competition for life.

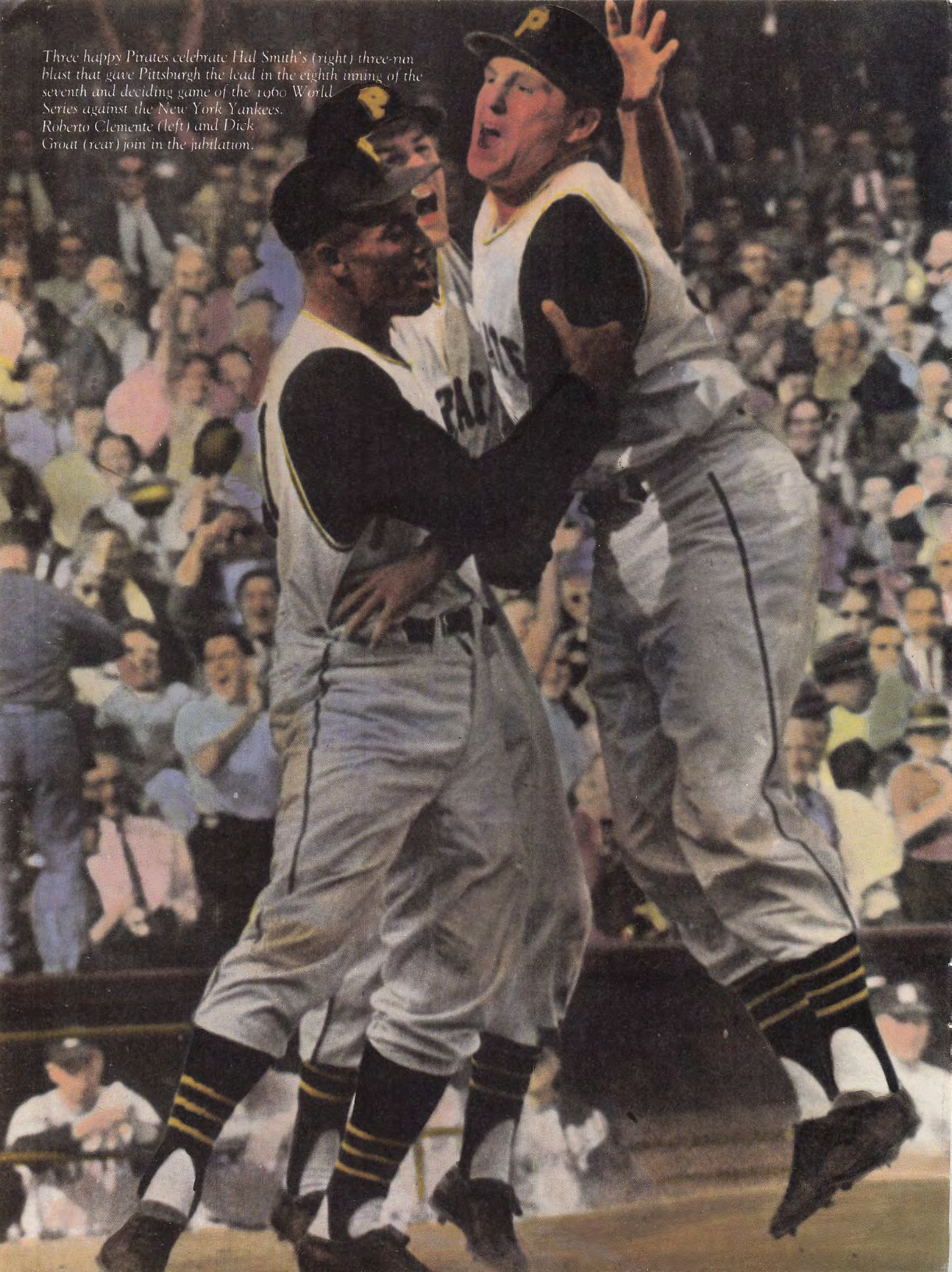
It is too bad really. Fraser thought she could have taken a fourth gold at Mexico. And maybe she would have. The winning time there was more than a second slower than her best. Indeed, the winning time at Munich, eight years later, was only three-tenths better than Fraser's fastest. Who is to say that a 35-year-old Dawn Fraser, much more well-traveled and experienced, could not have risen to the occasion even for a fifth time. Those sprinters—all of them—they don't like to train, they like to *race*. □

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- Which team was the first NBA champion?
- Who are the four golfers who have won the game's four Grand Slam Tournaments?
- Which pitcher holds the majors record for pitching the most innings in a season without giving up a home run?
- Name the two NFL players who won the Congressional Medal of Honor during World War II?
- How many U.S. Nationals (Open) titles did tennis great Big Bill Tilden win?
- Who was the first player to hit two home runs in a baseball All Star Game?

1. Eddie Eagan won a medal in boxing in 1920 and bobsledding in 1932; 2. a) UCLA and or Brown, b) Baylor, c) California, d) Maine; 3. Dizzy Dean, Cardinals pitcher; 4. Jim Thorpe, American Indian; 5. Boxing champion Sugar Ray Robinson; 6. Philadelphia Athletics Jimmy Fox; 7. Times; 8. John Kundla; 9. Golf; 10. Sir Barton in 1919; 11. Johnny Mize; 12. Lamar Lundy; 13. Buenos Aires, Argentina; 14. Machine that resurfaces the ice between periods at a hockey game; 15. The Seven Mules; 16. On April 13, 1914, Baltimore beat Buffalo, 3-2; 17. Johnny Longden rode Count Fleet in 1943 and trained Majestic Prince in 1959; 18. Beattie Featherstone, Chicago Bears 1934, 1004 yards; 19. Bobby Bonds; 20. Rangers, Indians, Cardinals, Cubs; 21. Philadelphia Warriors in 1946-47; 22. Ben Hogan, Gene Sarazen, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player; 23. In 1916, Washington's Walter Johnson pitched 371 innings with no home runs given up; 24. Maurice Britt; 25. Seven; 26. Pirate Arky Vaughan in 1941; 27. Jack Lummus, and Detroit Lions end.

Three happy Pirates celebrate Hal Smith's (right) three-run blast that gave Pittsburgh the lead in the eighth inning of the seventh and deciding game of the 1960 World Series against the New York Yankees. Roberto Clemente (left) and Dick Groat (rear) join in the jubilation.



DAYS OF RELENTLESS COMEBACKS

In 1960, the Pittsburgh Pirates went to the World Series, their first since 1927. That year, they lost in four straight to the Yankees and their "Murderers Row." Now, they faced the mighty Bronx Bombers again . . . and a new Murderers Row.

By Joseph Lawler

During his childhood in West Virginia, Bill Mazeroski dreamed of playing in the World Series. In 1960, as the 23-year-old second baseman of the Pittsburgh Pirates, he realized that dream when his team battled the New York Yankees for baseball's championship crown.

What a Series it was! A wild, lopsided affair of squeakers and blowouts capped by a raucous seventh game unmatched for drama, knuckle-whitening thrills, and an incredible finish. The whole thing had more plot twists and more heroes and villains than a televised Congressional investigation.

Mazeroski had played errorless ball in the field and collected seven hits through the first six games. His two-run home run sealed the Pirates' opening game victory, and his two-run double in Game Five provided the deciding margin in a 5-2 triumph. A kid could not have wished for anything more except, perhaps, to drive in the winning run in Game Seven.

That opportunity came when Mazeroski stepped up to bat against Bobby Shantz with the Pirates trailing 5-4 in the seventh inning of the deciding contest. The partisan crowd in Forbes Field rocked the Pirates' antiquated ball park with their cheers. Pittsburgh had a runner on first with one out. Shantz delivered and Mazeroski sent a ground ball to shortstop Tony Kubek, who started a double play to end the inning. Frustrated over what looked like his last series at bat, Mazeroski checked his dream of late-inning glory for another day and disgustedly ran out to second base.

As the teams changed sides, the Pirate faithful looked wistfully at the left-field scoreboard, where white-numbered squares offered a graphic reminder of the day's activity. An early Pirate lead had been erased by a Yankee outburst in the sixth, and with just two innings remaining, hopes for a turnaround were fading.

Standing at his position, Mazeroski looked around at his

teammates, who had pulled together through 160 games and seven innings to arrive within tantalizing reach of a world championship: Dick Groat, his double-play partner and eventual National League MVP, still feeling the effects of a broken wrist suffered in September; third-baseman Don Hoak, the ex-Marine and former professional boxer whose gritty, two-fisted style had inspired veterans and rookies alike all season long; Roy Face, the tireless relief pitcher; Bill Virdon, the superb center-fielder; Roberto Clemente, a graceful Latin just emerging a superstar in right field; and behind the plate, Hal Smith, the right-hand hitting member of Pittsburgh's catching platoon who had just entered the game in place of Smokey Burgess.

Given their low spots in the batting order and the lateness of the game, neither Mazeroski nor Smith seemed likely candidates for World Series honors. Before the afternoon was out, however, each would play a key role in the wildest and strangest seventh-game finale in World Series history.

That the Pirates had come even this far was satisfaction enough for some. The Steel City had not hosted a World Series since 1927, when a home team that counted four future Hall of Famers on its roster was swept in four games by the Yankees' fabled "Murderer's Row" consisting of Ruth, Gehrig, & Co.

Though a bit short in the immortals department, the 1960 Pirates were loved by their fans. From the Allegheny to the Monongahela and beyond, Pirate fever was pandemic and for the Series, "Beat'em Bucs" signs were as thick as the infamous smoke which once blackened Pittsburgh's skies.

Jut-jawed Danny Murtaugh, the Pirates' manager, led a club which won with a pair of outstanding starting pitchers, an incomparable reliever, consistent if not overpowering hitting, and a defense that was sound at nearly every position and brilliant at some.

Right-handers Vernon Law (20-9) and Bob Friend (18-



TOP: The New York Yankees' second baseman, Bobby Richardson, was the surprise offensive weapon of the 1960 World Series. MIDDLE: Pirate pitcher Harvey Haddix shakes hands with his Yankee counterpart, Art Ditmar, before Game Five of the 1960 Series. ABOVE: Happy Yankees just before the 1960 Series began. The team had recovered from a terrible spring and raced to the AL pennant with 15 straight wins. From left: pitcher Bob Turley, and outfielders Hector Lopez, Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle.

12) were Murtaugh's workhorses. Both had been with the team during the dismal rebuilding years of the 1950s and were having their first taste of post-season play. Wilmer Mizell, the "Squire of Vinegar Bend," Ala., came from the St. Louis Cardinals in May and won 13 games from the left side. Providing immeasurable support for the staff was forkball specialist Elroy Face, who answered a league leading 68 relief calls during the regular season.

The Pirate predominantly right-handed lineup was paced by Groat, who batted .325 to win the league's batting championship. Clemente (.314, 94 RBIs), Bob Skinner (86 RBIs), and Hoak (79 RBIs) were productive with men on base. The team's main power source was first-baseman Dick Stuart, who had 23 home runs.

Long on power but short on pitching, the New York Yankees rebounded from third place in 1959 to capture their tenth pennant in 12 years under manager Casey Stengel. Amid season-long rumors of his impending retirement, the 70-year-old grizzled genius drove his latest, and, as it happened, last championship team with a fury.

This Yankee club was a balance of experience and youth. Leading the old guard were malapropian slugger Yogi Berra, no longer a regular catcher but dangerous at the plate; switch-hitting Mickey Mantle, a game-breaker from either side; and newcomer Roger Maris. Acquired in an off-season trade, Maris added valuable punch to the Yankee lineup with a left-handed power stroke tailored perfectly for Yankee Stadium. In addition, Maris was a superlative outfielder. Mantle and Maris finished one-two in the American League home-run race with 40 and 39, respectively. Together with first-baseman Bill Skowron, who hit 26, this trio totaled more home runs than the entire Pirate starting lineup.

Unheralded Art Ditmar (15-9) topped a pitching staff plagued by injury and inconsistency. Bob Turley (9-3) had slipped significantly since his Cy Young award-winning season in 1958, and Whitey Ford, Stengel's ace, was hampered by shoulder problems and recorded a sub-par 12-9 mark. Bobby Shantz and Luis Arroyo were the strongest bulls in the Yankee pen.

Often bewildered by their manager's unorthodox tactics, Casey's kids—Tony Kubek, Bobby Richardson, Clete Boyer and John Blanchard—displayed a mature versatility and poise during the hectic three-team race for the American League pennant.

When the strengths and weaknesses of the two teams were totalled up, the experts, not surprisingly, gave the Pirates the edge in pitching and the Yankees the advantage in hitting. But overall, the odds-makers went with hitting and picked New York to win.

The world was a busy place during the first two weeks in October 1960: Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev made threats at the United Nations; the Kennedy-Nixon presidential race was in the home stretch; a television quiz show scandal surfaced. But, in New York and Pittsburgh, politics and world affairs were put on hold. There was something more important. There was a World Series that had to be played.

For the opener at Forbes field, Pittsburgh had The Law on its side. Vern Law, a Mormon elder who eschewed alcohol, tobacco, and brush-back pitches, allowed two runs on ten hits and gave up just one walk in seven innings of work. When he left the mound, the Pirates had a commanding 6-2 lead. But disaster had been narrowly averted when former Yankee farmhand Bill Virdon raced into right-center to make a great catch of Berra's 400-foot fly with two runners on base in the fourth inning.

The Yankees couldn't get anything going in the eighth inning, when Roy Face came in to retire the side in order.



Yogi Berra slides into third as Pittsburgh's Don Hoak reaches for the ball. Ironically, the closeness of this play was mirrored in their stats for the entire series. Berra hit .218 in 22 at-bats while Hoak attained a .217 mark in 23 trips to the plate.

New York got to Face in the ninth for a couple of singles and a two-run, pinch-hit homer by Elston Howard, and it seemed as if the New Yorkers were finally hitting their stride, but the Pirates' little big man recovered, to close out the inning and save Law's victory.

Elated by their early success, the Pirates were brought back to reality with savage abruptness. Over the next two games they were stunned by an offensive barrage fearsome even by Yankee standards.

Ahead 3-1 after four innings in Game Two, Stengel's maulers opened up on Bob Friend, Fred Green, and Clem Labine for 12 runs in the next three frames. Three other pitchers followed in the Pirate charge of the lightweight brigade before the contest finally, and mercifully ended.

In all, New York accumulated 19 hits in the 16-3 rout. Batting right-handed, Mickey Mantle launched two tremendous home runs, each traveling more than 400 feet, and drove in five runners.

The Pirates chipped away at Bob Turley for 13 hits but were never close after the early going.

After a day off for travel, Whitey Ford and Vinegar Bend Mizell squared off in Yankee Stadium. The day belonged to Ford. The smooth left-hander gave up four hits and a walk in fashioning a 10-0 shut-out. The first nine Pirates went down in order before Virdon doubled while leading off the fourth. Ford then retired the next six batters. On only two occasions did the Pirates put two men on base in the same inning, and only one got as far as third.

Mizell was knocked out of the game in less time than it takes to walk the short main street of his home town. The future U.S. Congressman retired one Yankee before leaving with the bases loaded and a run in.

Veteran Clem Labine followed Mizell and induced Elston Howard to ground to third, but the ball was hit too slowly to make a play and another run scored.

Labine faced Bobby Richardson next, and the diminutive Yankee second baseman drove a pitch into the lower left-field seats for a grand-slam home run. The least likely home-run threat in the lineup, Richardson drove home two more runs later in the game for a new World Series record. His base-clearing shot off Labine was only the fourth homer that he had hit during his four-year major-league career.

Leading 2-1 in the Series, the Bronx Bombers were in a position to assume command. Once again, however, the Yankees found themselves up against Pittsburgh's ace right-hander Vern Law.

Still, the New Yorkers' script seemed to be going according to plan when the Yankees scored first on Bill Skowron's solo home run in the fourth. Pittsburgh knew it was do or die and responded with three runs of their own in the next inning.

Bill Skowron upped the ante in the seventh when he hit a ground-rule double into the right-field stands. A single by Gil McDougald and a force-out on Bobby Richardson's grounder sent Skowron home. Danny Murtaugh waved in his stopper, Roy Face, to quiet things down after pinch-hitter John Blanchard singled.

Bob Cerv immediately greeted Face by driving a ball 400 feet to right-center field. It was hit far enough to score one and possibly both runners. As the ball began its downward arc, Bill Virdon raced to his left in a desperate sprint to cut the Yankee rally off. Incredibly, at the last possible instant, the Pirate outfielder leaped and grabbed



TOP: Casey Stengel in a pensive mood. The 1960 Series proved to be Stengel's last. From 1949 through this Series, "The Old Professor" established a record of excellence that stands alone. ABOVE: Mickey Mantle is greeted at the plate by first-baseman Bill Skowron. Yogi Berra (No. 8) awaits his turn to congratulate the Yankee slugger.

the ball in front of the auxiliary scoreboard. Richardson, the runner on second, advanced a base after the catch, but Face retired Tony Kubek on a ground ball finally to end the threat.

The Yankees refused to submit. Skowron just missed tying the game in the ninth with a line drive into the right-field seats which curved foul at the last moment. The final score was 3-2, but more importantly, the Series was now tied at two games apiece.

Questioned afterward about the close call, the imperturbable Face replied: "Foul balls never bother me. They don't count." As for Virdon's game-saving catch, he added, "I knew if Cerv's balled stayed in the park, Virdon would get it."

Despite his offensive heroics, first-baseman Skowron, a busy man all day, was less a paragon on the pivotal defensive play that gave Pittsburgh its three runs. With Gino Cimoli on first base after a lead-off single in the fifth, Skowron fielded Smokey Burgess' grounder and threw to second. His throw was late, however, and both Pirate runners were safe.

Pittsburgh nearly let Skowron off the hook when Hoak and Mazeroski both popped out, but pitcher Law doubled home Cimoli, and Virdon singled for two more.

In Game Five, Murtaugh started Harvey Haddix, while Stengel countered with Art Ditmar, who had been knocked out of Game One after a mere third of an inning.

Ditmar lasted into the second inning this time out before a single, two doubles, and an error by Gil McDougald netted the Pirates three runs. They got another off Luis Arroyo an inning later. Much too late, rookie Bill Stafford followed Arroyo and held the Pirates scoreless in his five-inning stint.

A record-maker in 1959 when he pitched 12 perfect innings (and lost) against the Milwaukee Braves, the 35-year-old Haddix gave up five hits and struck out six for a solid performance in his first World Series appearance. With one out and two on in the seventh, the tiring lefty handed the ball to Face, who came on to retire the final eight Yankees in order and record his third consecutive save in the Pirates' workmanlike 5-2 decision.

In a post-game interview, Stengel defended his choice of Ditmar to start. "Why shouldn't I start him? He's an experienced pitcher. He pitched only a half inning in Pittsburgh last week and wasn't tired."

The Series shifted back to Forbes Field with the Pirates just a single game away from their first world championship since 1925. It wouldn't be easy, however . . . there was a Ford in their future, a model designated "Whitey."

Stengel had to make a difficult decision. He had to choose between Turley with five days' rest or Whitey Ford with three. The former had been hit around in Game Two despite the Yankees' lopsided victory and the latter rarely pitched with just three days' rest. Ford, however, was a money pitcher truly deserving of that appellation.

Scattering seven singles and striking out five, Ford pitched his second shutout as the Yankees won, 12-0, to bring the Series to a deadlock. The victory was Ford's seventh in World Series competition, but his first outside of Yankee Stadium.

And so it came down to Game Seven. All that had gone before was merely prelude. Danny Murtaugh picked his ace Vern Law again. In the Yankee locker room Bob Turley found a brand new baseball in his stall, Stengel's sign that the starting assignment was his.

Murtaugh penciled in his left-handed hitting lineup against Turley. Bob Skinner, out since injuring his thumb in the opener, was back in left field, Burgess was behind the plate, and Rocky Nelson was at first.

A seventh game in World Series play is not always a guarantee of excitement. Finals are often one-sided and anticlimatic. Not so in 1960, not by a long shot. Nobody walked out on this one.

Law retired the Yankees in order in each of the first two innings and was rewarded with a four-run lead. Journeyman first baseman Rocky Nelson was the first in the day's procession of heroes. Batting with Skinner on first base and two out in the bottom of the first, the 16-year veteran, who had been in and out of the majors a half-dozen times since 1942, drove a home run into the right-field stands.

Burgess opened the Pirate second with a single and Turley left the game having thrown just 20 pitches. Bill Stafford took over for New York and proceeded to issue a base on balls to Hoak. Mazeroski bunted to load the bases for Law, who hit into a pitcher-to-home-to-first double play. The Yankees' reprieve was short-lived, however, for Virdon drove home two with a single to right field, giving Pittsburgh its 4-0 lead.

New York came up empty in the third, and Stengel sent Bobby Shantz out to face the heart of the Pirate order. Shantz, all of 5' 6", all craft and all heart, pitched shut-out ball for the next five innings, retiring 11 straight at one point in the game.

While the Pirates were handcuffed by Shantz's left-handed offerings, Yankee bats came alive. Skowron led off the fifth with his second home run of the Series. Law downed the next three men but ran into trouble in the sixth, giving up a hit to Bobby Richardson and a walk to Tony Kubek.

Despite the hoots from the fans, Murtaugh elected to bring Elroy Face in. His season over, Law departed to the applause of the appreciative home crowd. The "Deacon" turned the 4-1 lead over to his teammate Face, confident that it was in good hands.

Whether the Yankees finally solved the challenge of Face's forkball or the past week's workload had taken its toll, the pitcher's magic had suddenly disappeared. After Maris fouled to Hoak, Mantle's single scored Richardson. Yogi Berra, the Yankees left-fielder and the man Murtaugh feared most in clutch situations, unloaded a boomer to put New York in front, 5-4. Face managed to finish without further damage. He returned, seemingly unperturbed by the previous inning's events, pitching a scoreless seventh.

Stengel had his new "Murderers' Row" scheduled for the eighth—Maris, Mantle, and Berra—a slugging trio representing the past, present, and future of Yankee fortunes. Face got past Maris and Mantle with little trouble as neither hit the ball out of the infield.

But for the Pirate pitcher, the previous inning-and-two-thirds had merely been a cruel mirage. Berra drew a walk, Skowron and Johnny Blanchard singled, and Clete Boyer doubled to increase the Yankee lead to 7-4. For Elroy Face, as for Vernon Law, the Series was finished.

Now it was Stengel's turn to arouse

the ire of the second-guessers. With a chance to widen the gap he decided against sending a hitter up for Shantz. Dale Long, a lefty with power, was available, but Shantz had always been a good hitter and he was still pitching effectively, having surrendered nothing more than a walk and a harmless single.

A single could score Blanchard from third and Boyer from second, but the best Shantz could do was lift a fly to Clemente for the third out.

Still the Pirates were behind by three with six outs remaining as they trooped into their dugout in lowering spirits. Only Don Hoak paced up and down the bench shouting encouragement.

The eighth inning began when Shantz finished his warm-ups and Gino Cimoli, batting for Face, stepped to the plate. Bill Virdon waited on deck, and the entire Pittsburgh team pondered what fate held in store.

Stengel's late-inning strategy in two previous Series games called for Tony Kubek to move from shortstop to left field as a defensive replacement for Yogi Berra. Offense ruled this contest, however, and with Berra scheduled to bat in the ninth, Stengel thought it would be better this time to stay with his original alignment.

Cimoli laced a single into right-center field. Virdon stepped in. Shantz checked Cimoli and delivered. Virdon chopped a bounding ball toward short. Kubek glided over into position to start what appeared to be a sure double

AND THE BEAT GOES ON

Less than a week after the 1960 World Series, baseball's most remarkable managerial reign ended as Casey Stengel was let go by the New York Yankees. "I'll never make the mistake of being seventy again," said the venerable Casey.

The Yankees continued their winning ways, capturing four pennants in succession after 1960. Led by Roger Maris with a record 61 and Mickey Mantle with 54, the 1961 club set a major-league season mark of 240 home runs. In the World Series that fall they rolled over the Cincinnati Reds four games to one.

The Yankees repeated as world champions a year later but had to reach to the ninth inning of Game Seven to do so. On this occasion Ralph Terry atoned for that last pitch to Mazeroski and got the final out.

The Los Angeles Dodgers took four in a row from the Yankees in 1963, and the St. Louis Cardinals won in seven games the following year. Age and injury overtook the franchise and in 1966 the Yankees finished dead last, their worst showing in 40 years. The Yankees were absent from post-season play until their resurgence under Billy Martin during the late 1970s.

The Pirates' fall was more sudden. A year after their World Series victory they dropped to sixth place. The club rebounded with 93 wins to finish fourth in 1962, but dropped to eighth a year later.

A turn-around began during the late 1960s, and since the inception of divisional play in 1969 the Pirates have won six National League Eastern Division titles, two pennants, and two world championships.

Eleven years after they electrified the baseball world, the Pirates won another World Series, a seven-game set against the Baltimore Orioles. Danny Murtaugh was again at the helm, the third of his four stints as the Pirates' manager. Roberto Clemente, who led all Series hitters with a .414 average, was at the pinnacle of his Hall of Fame career. And Bill Mazeroski, for 15 years the best fielding second baseman in baseball, was, at 34, a substitute infielder and pinch hitter.

A library and dormitories belonging to the University of Pittsburgh occupy the ground where Forbes Field once stood, and Yankee Stadium underwent extensive renovations in the 1970s.

Five participants from the 1960 series, Stengel, Berra, Mantle, Ford, and Clemente, have been elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame. Supporters feel that there is room in Cooperstown for at least two more: Roger Maris and Bill Mazeroski.



Pirate second-baseman Bil Mazerowski crosses the plate after his ninth-inning, Series-winning home-run blast. Yankee pitcher Ralph Terry had ended Pittsburgh's rally, but could only stand and watch as his season-ending pitch flew over the wall.

play, but on its final bounce the ball suddenly skipped over his outstretched hands and struck the Yankee infielder in the throat.

Kubek went down as though shot and lay on his side clutching his windpipe. The ball trickled over to second base, where Richardson scooped it up and called time. Gasping for air and unable to speak, Kubek was rushed to a hospital.

With two on and no one out, Dick Groat singled past third to send Cimoli home, Viridon to second, and Shantz to the showers. Jim Coates, a lanky right-hander with a mean scowl and intimidating sidearm delivery, took over for New York.

The Pirates' next batter was Bob Skinner, who sacrificed both runners into scoring position for Rocky Nelson. A base hit meant a tie game; a sacrifice fly wouldn't have hurt. Nelson tried, but his fly to Maris in right field was too shallow for Viridon to challenge the Yankee outfielder's excellent arm.

With two out and still trailing 7-5, Pirate hopes now rested on the finely muscled shoulders of Roberto Clemente. Coates pitched carefully to the free-swinging Clemente, who chopped a ball down to Skowron. Coates, however, failed to cover first when Skowron went to the ball. Thus, Clemente was safe and Viridon came home, to bring the Pirates within one run.

The Yankees should have been out of the inning long before this. The bad hop, the misplay—what else could happen? The wheels were beginning to wobble on the well-oiled, Stengel-engineered machine.

The seventh Pirate batter of the inning was Hal Smith, who, like Viridon, had once belonged to the Yankees. A capable receiver with a strong bat, Smith had batted .295 with 11 home runs during the 1960 season. His route to the World Series had been a circuitous one through such places as Twin Falls, Newark, Beaumont, Baltimore and Kansas City. . . and Smith was determined to make the most of this opportunity.

He did.

Coates' 2-2 pitch to Smith was a high fast ball which the big catcher jerked over the vine-covered wall in left field for a three-run homer. Berra raced back on the hit but could only watch in dismay as the ball and the Yankee lead disappeared.

Pandemonium reigned as Smith circled the bases. Groat and Clemente waited at home plate to embrace their grinning teammate. The three men hopped and frolicked like kids on a playground while the crowd roared its approval.

Stengel trudged wearily to the mound to remove his battered pitcher. Ralph Terry came on to retire Hoak on an anticlimatic fly to Berra.

The Pirates ran onto the field for the ninth inning three outs away from the champagne. Murtaugh handed the ball to Bob Friend to protect the 9-7 lead. But the Yankees had roughed up Friend in his two previous outings, and they greeted him now with successive singles by Richardson and Dale Long, pinch-hitting for Joe DeMaestri, who was Kubek's replacement.

Harvey Haddix was rushed in and retired Maris on a foul to Smith, but Mantle followed with a single to score

Richardson and send Long to third. Pittsburgh now led by a single, slender run.

The ever-dangerous Yogi Berra came to bat with the tying run 90 feet away. Mantle took a lead off first and Gil McDougald, running for Long, edged down the line from third. Berra smashed a ground ball to first baseman Nelson, who made a great backhanded stop, raced to the bag to retire the batter, and set himself to throw to second. Mantle, seeing that the force was taken off, dived back into first base. Nelson lunged but Mantle got in under his frantic tag. McDougald meanwhile rushed home.

After Skowron forced Mantle at second base for the third out, Hal Smith, who had taken to the field in the top of the inning a hero, returned to the bench a footnote. "We thought we had won the World Series with my home run," he said. Bob Skinner told him, "I guess you weren't meant to be a hero."

In the bottom of the ninth, Bill Mazerowski was scheduled to bat first against the Yankees' Ralph Terry. It was an almost impossible second chance for Mazerowski . . . a second chance to win the World Series. "All I could think to myself was, 'Get a good ball. Hit a line drive someplace. Get on base. Get something started.'"

The crowd was still reeling from the events of the top half of the inning as Terry went into his windup. The first pitch was high, and Mazerowski let it go for ball one. Catcher John Blanchard called time and walked out to the mound to remind his pitcher to keep the ball down.

Mazerowski wanted a high fast ball. Terry complied. The pitch was around Mazerowski's waist. He met it squarely and sent it screaming toward left field. For the second time in as many innings Yogi Berra raced back, tracking the ball over his right shoulder. Reaching the warning track he stopped short, reversed direction and headed for the dugout.

Mazerowski hesitated for a moment at the plate, then ran to first. He knew it was a hit, but wasn't thinking home run until he rounded second and saw the umpire waving his upraised arm in a circle.

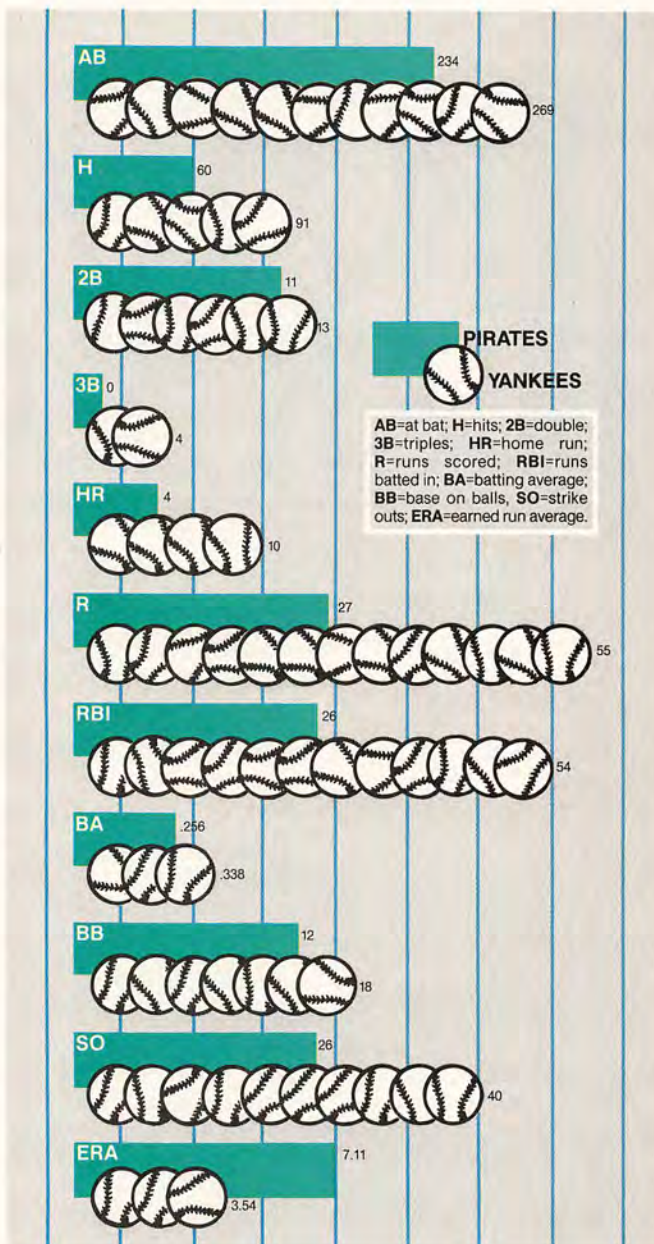
The normally cool Mazerowski grabbed his batting helmet and swung it wildly in the air. Galloping the rest of the way home, he was set upon by the delirious crowd which had spilled onto the field. Men in business suits, kids in sneakers, park attendants, and the entire Pirate team grabbed and pummeled their hero.

The Yankees were dumbfounded. They had outthit the Pirates 91 to 60, out-homered them 10 to 4, outscored them 55 to 27, and lost. Ralph Terry sat dejectedly at his locker; others walked about shaking their heads in disgust. Casey Stengel looked every bit his 70 years, his shoulders stooped further under the burden of the bitterest defeat of his half-century in baseball.

Newspapers ran the standard photo the next day, a full-field shot showing each player neatly labeled and the funny broken arrow describing the flight of the ball into the trees behind left field. Such a picture could hardly do justice to the enormity of the play or the tumultuous burst of emotion it unleashed.

Pittsburgh exploded in a celebration that lasted for 12 hours. Makeshift bands and lines of frenzied merry-makers snake-danced through the downtown streets. A paper avalanche from office windows halted trolley traffic and the police closed the bridges and tunnels leading into the city. It cost the taxpayers \$50,000 for the cleanup but few, if any, complained.

"I had no visions of hitting a home run," Bill Mazerowski said years later. But hit it he did and with it provided the most dramatic finish to any World Series before or since. No one who saw it will ever forget the stocky, crew-cut Pirate racing around the bases and into baseball legend. □



TOP: Only nine teams in World Series history have batted .300 hundred or better. The 1960 Yankees set the record with .338. In addition, New York beat the Pirates in every meaningful statistic, yet still lost. ABOVE: Pirate Bill Mazerowski (center) is mobbed after his ninth-inning homer decided the 1960 World Series.

PRO FOOTBALL'S BEAR BEGINNINGS

George Halas sat on the running board of a shiny new Hupmobile in a Canton, Ohio, showroom. Eleven others perched wherever they could. They were virtually penniless, but they had a dream . . . a dream that became the National Football League.

By Rick Korch

On September 17, 1920, a dozen men gathered in a small showroom in a Hupmobile auto agency in Canton, Ohio. They represented 10 semipro football teams from around the Midwest and aimed to organize a league.

"That meeting must have been the most informal on record," recalled one of those men, George Halas, who represented the Decatur Staleys from Illinois. "There were no chairs; I sat on a runningboard."

To give the league some financial standing, franchises were issued for \$100. "I can testify that no money changed hands," Halas later said. "I doubt if there was a hundred bucks in the whole room."

Still, the American Professional Football Association—the forerunner to the National Football League—had been born. Halas took the train back to Decatur to ready his Staleys for the first season of professional football. His first game was 16 days away.

Several months earlier, Halas, a 25-year-old railroad man who had played briefly with the New York Yankees baseball team and the Hammond Pros football team, received a phone call offering him a job with the A.E. Staley Company in Decatur. Staley himself hired Halas to play for his baseball team as well as to coach and play for the football team—a move more designed to advertise the Staley Starchworks than to capitalize on the growing interest in football.

A graduate of the University of Illinois where he had been a three-sport man, Halas had joined the Navy for service in World War I after college. He had played football, baseball and basketball with the strong Great Lakes Naval Training Station teams and had the drive and ambition to manage Staley's team.

Halas was offered the job on March 18, 1920. To ease his task, Staley let Halas offer prospective players a year-round job with the company, plus a share of the gate receipts. But it was Staley's promise to allow two hours of practice time daily that clinched the decision for Halas and many of the players.

"I was elated," said Halas. "I saw the offer as an exciting

opportunity, but did not suspect the tremendous future Mr. Staley was opening for me."

Halas spent the summer hiring employees for Staley's company and players for his football team with a deal that was far better than most rivals could come up with.

Halas recruited future pro football stars such as Guy Chamberlain, Jimmy Conzelman and George Trafton. Charley Dreesen, a hometown boy who later played and managed major-league baseball, was the quarterback. He signed up Edward "Dutch" Sternaman, the star back of the 1919 Illinois Big Ten champions. For fullback, he got Bob Koehler, former captain at Northwestern. Burt Ingwersen, later a noted coach, was a tackle. Chamberlain, an All-American from Nebraska, was Halas' counterpart at end.

"Pro football players in those days were looked on as toughs and bruisers," said Conzelman, "men who couldn't get a job any place else. I was almost ashamed to go home to St. Louis after the season. People forgot that most of us had gone to college."

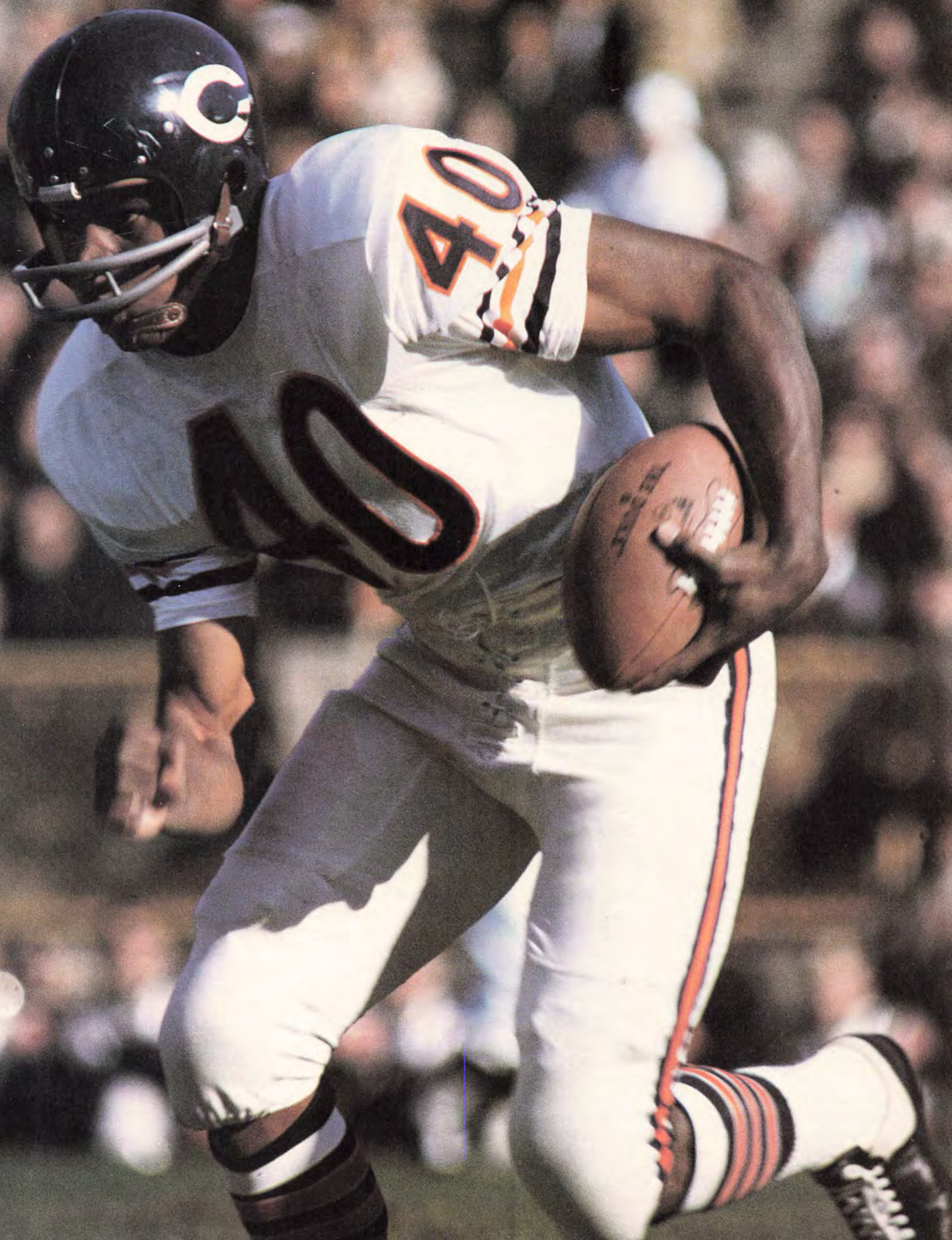
Football back then was pretty much a catch-as-catch-can affair. Teams appeared one week and disappeared the next. Players came and went, and jumped from team to team. If fans came to watch, that was fine. If they bought tickets or tossed coins into helmets passed by the most popular player, that was even better.

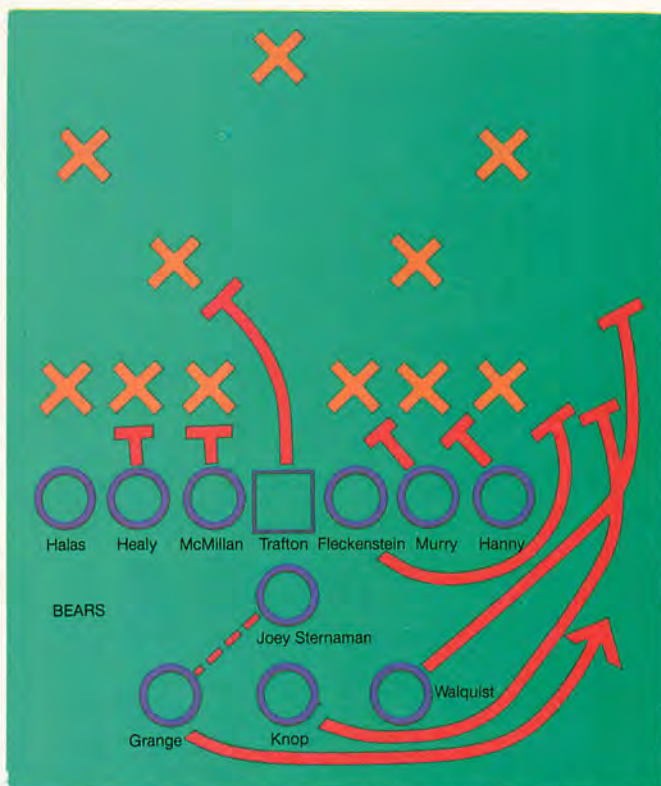
Even with the new league in place, there wasn't anything like a schedule; games were arranged by mutual interest and consent, and teams played against both league and non-league opponents. No statistics were kept. But it was a promising beginning.

The Staleys played eight league games in 1920, all within 125 miles of Decatur. Halas' trip to Canton to form the APFA was his only trip out of Illinois, other than a short jaunt to Hammond, Ind., to play the Pros.

Howard Millard, a local sportswriter, wrote: "It looks like the best bit of material ever gathered in Illinois. The fellows will meet some of the greatest football machines in the country. They are expected to hold their own with the best of them."

The fans of today's gridiron scene have become accustomed to seeing men like Gayle Sayers playing for the Chicago Bears—but what about earlier heroes: Halas, Sternaman and Grange?





TOP: The Chicago Bears' T-formation pitch sweep to Red Grange: The classic T-formation was utterly straightforward in concept, but when executed by Grange and his teammates, it became a thing of raw, unadorned beauty—simple, powerful and implacable. ABOVE: Red Grange follows halfback Paddy Driscoll before an unusually large crowd. It was Grange's presence that had brought them to the stadium, and they did not leave disappointed.

The first game the Staleys played in 1920 was not against a league team. Halas and his co-coach, Dutch Sternaman, brought the new team out onto Staley Field before the eager eyes of Staley and a thousand or so excited fans on October 3 to face the Moline Tractors, an independent pro team from that small Illinois town on the Mississippi River. The Staleys' debut was successful, as they won easily, 20-0. At the time, the biggest name in the game was the referee, Walter Eckersall, the All-American from the University of Chicago.

After beating the Kewanee Walworths, 27-0, Halas took his team to face the Rock Island Independents for his first league game. Staley fans chartered a train, and the game drew more than 5,000—one of the biggest pro football crowds up to that time. Decatur won, 10-0.

More exciting than that low-scoring game, was the post-game activity. George Trafton, one of the toughest men ever to play professional football, learned of a scheme by the Rock Island team to put him out of the game in the first quarter. Undismayed, Trafton placed bets at 5-1 odds that he'd be on his feet at the end.

On the first 12 plays of the game, four Independents players had to be carried off the field, the collisions occurring in Trafton's vicinity. Two injured players later, the Rock Island fans were in a frenzy. Realizing Trafton would have trouble leaving the stadium, Halas devised a play that sent the big lineman downfield toward the gate. Trafton kept running, right out of the stadium. Even so, Trafton was chased down the street by an outraged mob of Rock Island fans and just barely escaped when he caught a ride in a car headed for the bridge to Iowa.

The Staleys had a terrific inaugural season going for themselves. They were undefeated in their first 10 games and tied once, allowing only seven points. Four days after Thanksgiving, they faced the Chicago Cardinals before 5,400 fans at Normal Park on Chicago's south side. In mid-game, the bleachers collapsed, spilling stunned, but unhurt fans onto the ground, where they soon collected along the sidelines. Late in the game one of the Cardinals took a short sideline pass. About to be tackled, he ducked behind some of the partisan fans who had drifted onto the field. Deftly using his phalanx of impromptu blockers, the Cardinal runner went for a touchdown behind a friendly wall of spectators. The referee, fearful of the crowd, allowed the score, and the Staleys lost their first game.

Halas proposed a rematch in the bigger Cubs Park on the north side of the city. More than 8,500 onlookers appeared, and the Staleys gained their revenge, 10-0. Presumably the Cardinals were their only opponents in this grudge game.

Halas declared his team the champions of the West. The Akron Indians, unbeaten, proclaimed themselves the best of the East. They met on December 12 for the first national championship before 12,000 fans at Cub Park.

The Indians were led by tailback Fritz Pollard, a black All-American from Brown who also coached his team. Halas lured Paddy Driscoll, the game's best punter and placekicker, from the Cardinals to play for the Staleys, disregarding the league rule forbidding tampering with another team's players.

The stratagem didn't quite provide a Staley victory in the "championship" game, but Driscoll's kicking helped Halas' team stand off Akron for a scoreless tie. With it, the first more-or-less organized pro football season came to a close. No official standings had been kept, but most consider Akron as the champions because of their 6-0-3 league record against the Staleys' 5-1-2.

Sternaman was the star of the team in 1920, scoring 98 of the Staleys' 164 points. The season confirmed Halas'



Chicago Bear quarterback Joey Sternaman was all of five feet, six inches, tall and weighed just 150 pounds. But each of those inches and each of those pounds were absolutely dedicated to winning, pitted here against the Chicago Cardinals in 1924.

belief that pro football had a great future, and that his coach at Illinois, Bob Zuppke, was correct years before in saying that college players were only reaching their peak when they graduated.

It was also a financial success—when the profits from the gate receipts were added up, each team member received a check for \$1,900, a very hefty bonus in those days. Still, Halas realized that the future did not lie in the town of Decatur.

The new year rolled around and an economic recession fell upon the country, hitting the Staley Starch Company as it did other businesses. Sales fell, work slackened, and Staley looked for a way to cut costs. The first expense to go was the athletic program.

"George, I know you are more interested in football than starch," Staley said to Halas before the start of the football season, "but I feel we can no longer underwrite the team's expenses any longer."

Halas was stunned. After a very long and quiet half-minute, Staley continued. "George, why don't you take the team to Chicago? I think football will go over big there. I'll give you \$5,000 seed money to pay costs until gate receipts start coming in. I ask only that you continue to call the team the Staleys for one season."

It was like manna from heaven.

Halas stammered his thanks—"Whatever words I used, they couldn't have been adequate"—then shook hands to seal the bargain. Then he floated out of Staley's office. He had lost his job in the glucose department, but for the next year, at least, he still had Uncle Sugar backing his move to Chicago with his own professional football team.

When Halas moved back to Chicago, he was coach, manager and player all rolled into one. He was in the nation's second-largest city, his team facing a keen competition against the Cardinals for the fans' allegiance. Halas had a franchise, a few thousand dollars and some great players, but he still didn't have a place to play.

Putting that problem on hold, he moved to save on a

large salary expense and at the same time to cut his financial risks in half. Halas brought Dutch Sternaman in as his partner in the new Chicago Staleys.

Halas persuaded most of the 1920 team to move to Chicago with him and Sternaman. He then arranged with William Veeck, Sr. for a lease to use the Cubs' baseball field for his team.

Halas and Sternaman kept business expenses to a minimum. They used the rear lobby of the Planters Hotel for their business meetings, even signing players while lobby loungers looked on. Among the players they signed were Chick Harley, Pete Stinchcomb and John Taylor from Ohio State's Big Ten champions of the previous year.

The Staleys opened the 1921 season with an exhibition in Decatur against a semi-pro team called the Waukegan American Legion and demolished it, 35-0. They also played their first league game in Decatur, defeating the Rock Island Independents, 14-10, before 4,000 fans in a farewell appearance at Staley Field. It was the largest crowd ever to watch a football game in Decatur.

The team went back to Chicago for the first of nine straight games at Cubs Park, but its debut couldn't even arouse the newspapers to cover the game. Halas paid a press agent \$10 to write an account of the contest and then delivered it downtown to the newspapers.

The team roared through the season with a 10-1-1 record, splitting two games with the Buffalo All-Americans, who went 9-1-2. Both teams claimed the "world championship" and commissioner Joe Carr ruled in favor of the Staleys. It was the first title officially recognized by the NFL.

More important, Halas and Sternaman kept the team's financial losses to a minimum—\$71.63. Halas' obligations to Staley ceased after the season and he took complete control of the team. He wanted some kind of link to the Cubs baseball team whose facilities he was sharing. Hoping some of the success the Cubs had already achieved would rub off, Halas soon found that link. "I noted that

football players are bigger than baseball players," he said. "So if baseball players are Cubs, then certainly football players must be Bears!"

And so the Chicago Bears were born. The APFA changed its name, too, to the National Football League.

There is little doubt that Halas had the best team in the league in the early years, but the reasons went beyond formations and even talent. Halas' edge was hard work and determination. He ran his team like a business, 12 months a year, not just three or four like most teams. Others played at football; Halas worked at it.

The Bears, defending their league championship, opened the next season on the first of October at Cubs Park against the Racine Legion, beating them 6-0. Three wins later, they went up against the revitalized Canton Bulldogs, the strongest team in pro-football before the advent of the newly-formed NFL. Canton, led by Guy Chamberlin, Wilbur "Fats" Henry and Link Lyman, won, 7-6. Two weeks later, Chicago faced Jim Thorpe's Oorang Indians, defeating a team that included players with such exotic names as Deer Slayer, Joe Little Twig, Wrinkle Meat and Chief Xavier Downwind. The Bears played their cross-town rivals, the Cardinals, twice late in the season, losing both times, 6-0 and 9-0. Canton won the NFL championship, with the Bears finishing second at 9-3-0.

Midway through that season, Halas made the first player deal in NFL history, buying the contract of tackle Ed Healey from the Rock Island team. Halas remembered Healey well from the first time the two teams faced each other. Realizing that he couldn't block Healey, Halas, always one to bend the rules, took to holding Healey when the referee wasn't looking. After several times, Healey took a big swing at the smaller Halas. Healey missed, but he buried his fist up to the wrist in the ground on the attempt. "I decided then and there I'd much rather have Healey playing on our side than against us," said Halas. Healey is one of the 1920s Bears who is now a member of the Pro Football Hall of Fame.

The Bears made a profit of \$1,476.92 that year. Halas showed the accounts to his mother one day. She looked at the figures, shook her head sadly and said: "George, go back to the railroad, dear. You'll have a steady income there."

In 1923, the Bears won nine games, lost two and tied one, finishing in second place again. They lost \$366.72 for the year.

Halas fondly remembered a game that season, on November 4 against Thorpe's Oorang Indians team. Thorpe plunged for a short touchdown but fumbled on the two-yard line. Halas scooped up the ball for the Bears and started sprinting to the other end of the field with Thorpe in hot pursuit. Thorpe's calling card on defense was to throw the full force of his body high into a runner's back and Halas realized what was coming if he let the Indian catch up with him. Halas was fast, but Thorpe was even faster.

"I never ran faster in my life," Halas recalled, "I could feel Big Jim in the small of my back all the way."

Halas began to zigzag, changing directions again and again, not giving Thorpe a chance to get set for his flying block. Finally realizing he was running out of field, Thorpe launched himself through the air, but succeeded

in only grazing Halas' heels, sending the Bear across the goal line. Halas' 98-yard return of Thorpe's fumble was to stand as a record for a half-century.

In those days, since press coverage of pro football was minimal, Halas and Sternaman had to scramble to publicize their team. The co-owners visited newspaper offices to drop off their "notices" and always left behind dozens of tickets to be given away. On Saturdays, Bear players stood outside Northwestern University's Dyche Stadium and the University of Chicago's Stagg Field to hand out leaflets advertising the Bear game that was scheduled to take place the following day.

One Monday morning Halas awoke to find the *Chicago Tribune* had made the previous day's game its top sports story, with an inch-high headline running across the entire page. Halas went to the sports editor to personally thank him for the coverage.

"You and the Bears have nothing to thank me for," said Don Maxwell. "The *Tribune* and I should thank you. Sunday in autumn is a dull sports day. We need something exciting for our Monday pages. When I gave the Bears the banner, I wasn't doing it to help the Bears, but to help the *Tribune*."

Legend has it that a "crowd" for one Bears game was a pitiful group of 80. Halas' approximation was just slightly off when he gave out a figure of 3,500. Although the specific fact may have been stretched understandably, the greater truth remained.

"I knew that we had a great game from the start. . . ." Halas said years later. "It was just a matter of surviving the early days. There wasn't much time to look beyond."

When autumn would roll around each year, Halas would borrow money to get the team through the training period and early games from Foreman Brothers, now the American National Bank.

"I would ask the loan officer, Ed Sullivan, for \$1,000," said Halas. "This he granted. Then I'd come back and receive a second helping. The third time I walked through the door, he shouted, 'No, no, no.' After that, I called him 'No No Sullivan,' but he always made another loan. The secret was that each time I brought some money to repay part of earlier loans. In truth, the Bears lived hand-to-mouth.

THE GALLOPING GHOST: GRANGE

It is difficult today to imagine how any single athlete can so totally dominate his sport as Red Grange did half a century ago. As with any of history's outstanding characters, much of Grange's impact was dependent on a confluence of events over which he had little, if any, control. But Red Grange also was Red Grange.

The 1920s saw the first flowering of a national fascination with sport and the heroes that were its immediate product. This fascination was fueled by the development of radio, newsreels and greatly increased photographic coverage in daily newspapers.

Of course, by this time, professional baseball and college football were already favored by the public, but they were not enough to satisfy an

ever-expanding appetite for athletic spectacle. Professional football was an obvious choice to satisfy that appetite, but it had never been able to gain the kind of social acceptance of baseball or the college game.

What professional football needed was a college hero, an athlete whose ability was of epic proportions, and whose reputation was as pure as St. Francis of Assisi. That athlete was Harold Edward (Red) Grange.

If ever there was a "natural," it was Red Grange. In his hometown of Wheaton, Ill., Grange averaged five touchdowns a game while he was in high school. He was hardly a one-dimensional athlete. He won a total of 16 letters in football, basketball, baseball and track.

At the University of Illinois he scored 31 touchdowns and ran for 3,637 yards. Grange's greatest day, either in college or as a professional,

Even though the Bears were making a little money, Halas had to hold down a job as a night watchman in a refrigeration plant, while Sternaman continued to work in the gas and oil business. In later years, Halas would own jewelry and sporting goods businesses.

While the Bears were living year to year, so was the NFL. The league grew from 11 to 18 teams in 1922, then to 20 before dropping to 18 again in 1924. The shuffle of teams continued on an annual basis with small midwestern cities joining and dropping out.

The Bears opened the 1924 season with a 5-0 loss to the Green Bay Packers, and followed it up with ties with Rock Island and Racine. A week after their first win of the season, 6-0 over the Cardinals, the Frankford Yellow Jackets came to Chicago. Even though they were a new team, they were one of the best in the NFL, with only one loss. It was an important game for the Bears, who couldn't afford to lose another game.

Six thousand fans saw Frankford score first on a field goal before the Bears roared back with 33 unanswered points on consecutive touchdowns by Joey (Dutch's brother) and Dutch Sternaman, Laurie Walquist and Johnny Bryan. The Bears didn't lose another game the remainder of the season, finishing 6-1-4. The Cleveland Bulldogs, who had moved that season from Canton, were 7-1-1, while Frankford was 11-2-1. All three teams laid claim to the NFL championship.

Seeing an opportunity to extend the season and bring in some much-needed revenue, Halas scheduled a game against Cleveland to be played December 7 at Cubs Park, to be billed as the league championship game. The Yellow Jackets were not going to sit idle; they scheduled a game with the winner, as the "true" championship game.

The Bears trounced the Bulldogs, 23-0, then defeated Frankford a week later, 13-10. Then they returned to Chicago and played another game against the Rock Island Independents, who were not in contention for the league championship, and surprisingly lost, 7-6. With so many games tacked on to each team's record, four teams now laid claim to the league title, even the Duluth Kelleys, with a 4-1-0 record.

NFL president Joe Carr decided the squabble at the



Chicago Bear quarterback Joey Sternaman in a light moment before a 1924 game. Sternaman joined the Bears in 1922 and played for eight years. A deceptive runner and an excellent dropkicker, in 1925 he led the NFL in scoring with 75 points.

postseason owners' meetings and ruled that none of the games played in December—after the regular season ended—would be counted. So the title went to the Cleveland Bulldogs, whose a 7-1-1 record was the best winning percentage. The Bears again finished in second place.

In terms of finances, it was the Bears' most successful season to date. When everything was added up, there was a profit of \$20,000. For the first time, Halas and Sternaman could breathe a little easier.

The 1925 season started off normally enough. Nobody knew at the time that it would end with the biggest event ever to happen in the National Football League, an occurrence so momentous that it would thrust pro football into the nation's consciousness for good.

With the frustrations and disappointments of three straight second-place finishes all too fresh in their minds, Halas and Sternaman knew they needed to get something extra—anything—to propel them into a league championship. The co-owners also knew they needed to do something to stabilize their franchise. Even the large profit could be washed away by a disastrous season or two. Their home field, which then seated about 35,000, seldom drew more than 12,000 at the Bears games and many of them represented free passes Halas and Sternaman liberally sprinkled around town. Meanwhile, college football was riding to new heights of success, with crowds of 60,000 or more.

"Something had to be done to attract more customers if we were to continue," said Halas. "I decided what the Bears needed was a big-name star. The man I wanted was Harold (Red) Grange of Illinois."

It was hardly a surprise. Halas' rival owners in the NFL also wondered

came when Illinois took on Michigan in his junior year. Michigan was undefeated in its previous 20 games, and the entire nation was intently focused on the approaching gridiron collision.

The Wolverine kicker tried to place the opening kick away from Grange's part of the field, but the redhead simply moved over and took it anyway. He caught it on the 5-yard line, and returned it all the way for the first score of the game.

Then things got really unbelievable. In less than 12 minutes, Grange scored three more times—from 67, 56 and 44 yards out. He scored a fifth touchdown in the third quarter on a run around right end that covered a mere 15 yards. To top this incredible performance, he passed for a final TD in the fourth quarter, giving Illinois a 39-14 win against the favored Michigan team.

In all, Grange had handled the ball 21 times, gained 402 yards, scored five touchdowns and then passed for a sixth.

And to think, the man hadn't even wanted to go out for football when he first arrived at college!

Despite his exploits, both in college and the pros, Red Grange always knew that football would never be the most important thing in his life. He always knew that it was the whole man, not just the athlete, that ultimately counted. As he once said: "The ability to run with a ball is something you have or you haven't. If you can't explain it, how can you take any credit for it?"

Blessed with an enormous talent and a genuine humility, Red Grange was truly the right man, at the right time, in the right place. He was the savior that the sport needed. Hallelujah.



TOP: George Halas coached the Chicago Bears (originally the Decatur Staleys) through four decades. One of the original founding fathers of the National Football League, Halas attained a 320-147-30 record that remains unequalled. MIDDLE: An early publicity photo of some of the early Chicago Bears team. From left: Jim McMillen (guard), Verne Mullen (end), Red Grange (back), George Halas (end), Laurie Walquist (quarterback), Eddie Sternaman (back), Joey Sternaman (quarterback). ABOVE: Although noted primarily for his running, Red Grange was also a master at faking the run and then suddenly pulling up and spiraling the ball quickly downfield. To his right is quarterback Joey Sternaman. The other Bear player is guard Hunk Anderson.

about the possibility of signing Grange, except the league had a rule forbidding the recruitment of players until they had graduated from college. But Halas did the right thing for pro football; whether he did it in the right way, or could have done it in some other manner, is open to debate.

Grange was the greatest college football player of his day, perhaps any day. At 5 feet 11 inches, Grange was a dazzling, breakaway runner with the speed and moves to make the sharpest cuts ever seen. At 22, he was already a legend, having scored four touchdowns in 12 minutes in a 1924 game against Michigan that thrust him into the national spotlight. Grange was more than a name. He was football in 1925.

As the fall of 1925 approached, speculation grew over what No. 77 would do after he completed his college eligibility. Most of his friends and the public advised him to go into acting or business and to avoid the dirty world of pro football, which at the time was still very much looked down upon.

Even his coach, Bob Zuppke, tried to steer him away from the NFL. "Football isn't made to be played for money. Stay away from professionalism."

But Grange was his own man. "You get paid for coaching, Zup. Why is it wrong for me to get paid for playing?"

One evening in August 1925, Grange and a teammate walked into the Virginia Theatre in Champaign, Ill., to watch a Harold Lloyd film, *The Freshman*. The theater's owner, Charles C. Pyle, wanted to see Grange, but not for an autograph or free football tickets. Pyle had an idea, one that would irrevocably alter the course of professional football forever.

"Red, how would you like to make a hundred thousand dollars . . . maybe even a million," Pyle asked the young man sitting across the desk from him.

Grange eyed Pyle suspiciously. "How?"

Pyle, whose initials stood for "Cash and Carry" or "Cold Cash" was not your ordinary theater owner. He envisioned himself as the next P.T. Barnum.

"Playing football, my boy, just playing football," Pyle answered. He unveiled his plan. Grange would play his senior season at Illinois, then immediately sign up with a pro team to finish up its season.

Afterwards, Grange and his team would go on a whirlwind tour of the country, playing before hundreds of thousands of people in cities where they never had the chance before to see pro football—or Red Grange. All Pyle wanted in return for all of this was to be Red Grange's manager.

Grange was overwhelmed with the possibilities and said he was interested. He also mentioned that Halas and Sternaman of the Bears had written him several letters that summer asking about his availability.

The 1925 season began dismally for the Bears, who had managed only two ties in their first three games. Although they had won six of seven at midseason, they were still behind the rival cross-town Cardinals as well as several other teams in the standings. It was time for something to happen.

Negotiations with Pyle for Grange's services dragged on through the season. He played his final game for Illinois on November 21 against Ohio State. Grange, besieged by the press, then had to sneak out of Columbus. He went directly to Chicago and met with Pyle and Halas at the Morrison Hotel. The following day, Red Grange was a Chicago Bear.

Four days later, on Thanksgiving Day, Grange suited up for a game against the Cardinals. He had had only two days in which to learn the Bears' plays. Halas knew he had his

gate attraction the day after he signed Grange when 20,000 tickets were sold in three hours. Thirty-six thousand persons packed Wrigley Field to see Grange's debut. The two teams struggled to a scoreless tie and the Galloping Ghost was held to only 40 yards. But, three days later, Grange ran for 75 yards on 14 carries as the Bears beat the Columbus Tigers, 14-13, in a Chicago snowstorm.

Then they were off for the barnstorming tour Pyle had arranged. The tour began with the Bears playing eight games in eight different cities in 12 days.

The first stop was St. Louis, where Grange ran for four touchdowns against a hastily gathered squad of semi-pros and NFL players. Three days later, the Frankford Yellow-jackets hosted the Bears in Philadelphia before a crowd of 35,000 eager to see some Grange magic. Heavy rain and deep mud ruled out any long runs, but Grange did score both touchdowns in a 14-7 Chicago victory.

The next Sunday, December 6, pro football won its spurs in New York City. The Giants had played most of their first season in virtual seclusion, but fans mobbed the ticket windows to see the legendary halfback. The 73,000 paying customers at the Polo Grounds set a pro football record and saved New York owner Tim Mara from a red-ink bath in his first year of running the team.

The tired Bears took to the field in the same wet uniforms they had worn in Philadelphia. Grange acted as a decoy for most of the game for quarterback Joey Sterna-man, who broke away for a pair of scores. The customers got their money's worth when, late in the game, Grange intercepted a New York pass and ran untouched for a touchdown to cap the 19-7 victory for Chicago.

As the tour progressed, all of the Bears were nursing various injuries and finding their stamina draining away. Grange himself had been kicked in the neck in the New York game and was exhausted from the unending travel and the demands of reporters. He kept on playing, however, spurred by the healthy pile of dollars rolling his way in each game. He was listless in games in Washington, Boston and Pittsburgh and finally sat one out in Detroit because of a badly swollen arm. The Bears ended the tour by hosting the Giants in a rematch in Chicago, losing that one, 9-0.

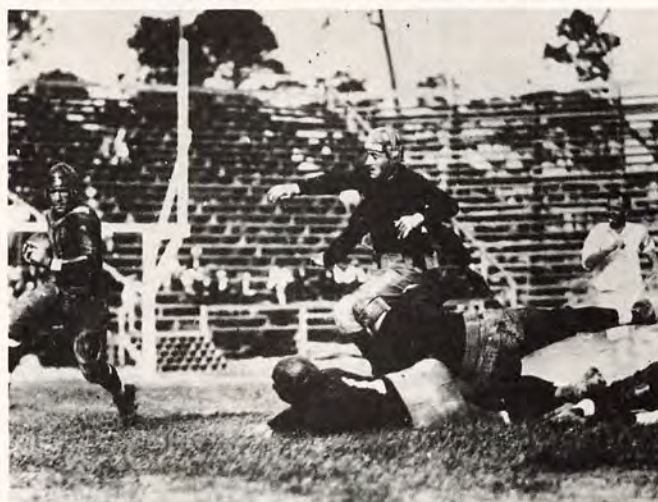
It had now been 18 days since Grange put on his first Bears uniform and, in that two-and-a-half week span, he had played in nine games and earned approximately \$50,000. The game with the Giants officially ended the 1925 season for the Bears. Their record of 9-5-3 included three losses to league teams in the last week of their tour and left them in seventh place in the final NFL standings, the lowest they had ever been in their six seasons.

But the season was far from over. After a week off, they set off again, playing nine games in the South and the West until the end of January. They went to Miami, Tampa, Jacksonville, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle. In Miami, a 25,000-seat stadium was constructed in less than 48 hours, then was dismantled immediately after the game. In Los Angeles, more than 75,000 onlookers turned out.

Finally, on January 31, 1926, the tour ended. The Bears had played 18 games before nearly 400,000 persons.

"No one will ever attempt anything like this again," said a tired Grange.

Grange and the Bears had finally put pro football on the map. From a start in little Decatur, Ill., the Chicago Bears were now synonymous with professional football. Given that final boost by the advent of Red Grange, the Bears, and the NFL, had taken the first important steps gaining for professional football the devoted popular following it enjoys today. □



TOP: Red Grange, "the Galloping Ghost," gave the early NFL its first taste of true big-league status. Until his signing with the Chicago Bears, professional football had been a distant second to the college game in its popularity with the sporting public. With Grange's participation, the league entered a new era of increased acceptance and public awareness. MIDDLE: Hall-of-Famer Paddy Driscoll was a member of the original 1920 Decatur Staleys. Running, passing, drop- and placekicking—Driscoll could do it all. ABOVE: Red Grange breaks through the line in a game that was part of the Bears' famous barnstorming tour of 1925. During part of that 18-game marathon, the team survived an incredible eight games in eight separate cities within 12-days.

THRILLER IN THREE ACTS

The middleweight division was in the doldrums. Finally a dream match was made—the upright champion Tony Zale would meet Rocky Graziano, a man from where both sides of the track were wrong.

By Bert Randolph Sugar

There've been twosomes throughout history as well-paired as salt and pepper. These twosomes sprang up in many locales in every imaginable field: Biblical, Cain and Abel; Mythological, Damon and Pythias; Musical, Gilbert and Sullivan; Financial, Dow and Jones; Comical, Weber and Fields; and Political, Douglas and Lincoln.

Boxing is no exception. Perhaps its most famous pairing was that of Tony Zale and Rocky Graziano. Like it says in the song, "You can't have one without the other."

By the end of 1941 the winds of war were gusting over America and everybody, athletes included, was caught up in the ensuing draft. The greatest host of American fighting personnel ever marshaled was under arms, including five divisional champions: Joe Louis, Gus Lesnevich, Tony Zale, Freddie Cochrane, and Willie Pep, their titles frozen for the duration of the war. Of the five, Tony Zale was the least recognizable name. Because of three heroic battles with Rocky Graziano, however, battles which lit up the skies of boxing with fireworks—and, not incidentally, brought back to boxing and the middleweight division some of its past glories—his name would forever become part of boxing lore.

Raised within sight of the steel mills of his native Gary, Ind., Tony Zale alternately worked in the mills between the fights of his youth, forging his toughness and earning his nickname, "The Man of Steel." Fighting around the small clubs of Chicago, those cauldrons where ingots of pugilistic greatness are cast, Zale became a fighter tipped with the fine line of steel, indestructible. The only credentials the local fight crowd asked was the ability to hit hard and to take it. Tony Zale could do both.

After an outstanding amateur career that saw the youngster with the steel-like physique take out 50 of his 95 amateur opponents inside the distance, losing only eight times, Zale embarked upon a pro career. But after nine straight wins, something went wrong. Apparently it wasn't enough just to hit hard and be able to take a hard punch unflinchingly in return, and Zale lost nine of his

next 17 fights, "retiring" back to the steel mills from whence he came.

After fighting just once in the next two years, an impatient Zale, anxious to return to the ring, listened to the overtures of Sam Pian and Art Winch—the famed Chicago manager-trainer partnership that had taken Barney Ross to the top—and returned to the ring in earnest.

Part of greatness consists of being at a strategic point in the march of history. Zale was fortunate to be at that point, a point where the middleweight division, the storied division of yore, was a vast wasteland, having reached the dregs of the barrel marked "talent." After 2½ years of grafting skills onto "The Man of Steel," Pian and Winch maneuvered Zale into a bout with the NBA middleweight champion, Al Hostak, a tough Czech from Seattle. Zale first took a 10-round, non-title decision from Hostak and then made it two-for-two, scoring a 13th-round KO and winning half of the middleweight title in Hostak's backyard. Zale defended his newly won half-crown two more times, winning both by knockouts, and then cemented his claim to the universal championship by outpointing Georgie Abrams in 15 rounds for all the marbles. Nine days later the United States went to war and Tony swapped his battles in the ring for the real thing, joining the Navy and leaving his title "frozen" for the four-year duration.

Upon his return to civilian life at the ripe old age of 32—and with his future apparently now behind him—Zale found that he was the second most famous middleweight in the country, his star having been eclipsed by a Dead End Kid with dynamite in his right hand.

That party of the second part was right out of the Bowery Boys, one of Jimmy Cagney's so-called "Angels With Dirty Faces." And he fit right in with the likes of Leo Gorcey and Huntz Hall, two cinematic hoodlums who were no strangers to trouble, yet who managed, in the best Hollywood tradition, to survive. He was Rocky Graziano, né Rocco Barbella, a real-life hoodlum raised on New York's Lower East Side, where both sides of the tracks

When middleweight champion Tony Zale (left) met Rocky Graziano in September of 1946, it was Zale's first defense of the title he had held since he won it back in 1941. In the interim, however, a somewhat more significant fight had taken place. It was called World War II.





TOP: The two middleweights battled for the championship in three separate meetings that were remarkable for their ferocity. Zale won the first and third fights; Graziano took the second. Both men won the hearts of the fans, whatever the outcome. ABOVE: Rocky Graziano's real last name was Barbella. AWOL from the Army, he borrowed a birth certificate from a man named Graziano so that he could get a license to fight. After he was arrested, he bemoaned the fact that Graziano "had a bigger record than me!" Later, the Army relented and released Graziano-Barbella from the stockade.

were wrong. Young Barbella straddled the tracks and took the bad from both sides—along with anything else that wasn't nailed down. Enunciating his "dese" and "doze" to come out sounding something like "Toity-Toid an' Toid," Rocky once recalled the days of his youth: "I never stole nothing unless it began with a 'A' . . . 'A' truck, 'A' car, 'A' payroll" . . . acts of personal charity that led to his being 'A' guest at 'A' reform school, 'A' prison, and 'A' jail for most of his adolescence.

Barbella was given a choice between going back to jail or serving time in the Army. Barbella opted for the Army. Unfortunately, the Army didn't opt for him, and, after he had underscored his disrespect with an extracurricular, and unrecorded, knockout win over an officer, put him away in the stockade till further notice. But Barbella decided he had "had enough," and took a little unauthorized "vacation," returning to New York and turning his attentions to the ring. Unable to use his real name, Barbella ". . . went to this guy named Rocco Graziano and told him to loan me his birth certificate so I could get a license to fight. He said, 'Sure,' and I used his name to get a license. Later, I found out that the original Rocco Graziano had a bigger police record than me!"

Graziano-Barbella had eight fights in 56 days in and around the New York area, winning five by knockouts, losing one and drawing the other two. Unfortunately, the minor fame Graziano-Barbella gained brought him some attention, not the least of which came from the Army, which reclaimed him as lost property and stuck him back in the stockade. Finally, after he had served his "time," the Army decided it could win World War II without Graziano-Barbella and gave him his marching papers.

With a new lease on life, Graziano turned to the ring full-time, fighting 18 bouts in 1943 and 20 more in 1944, including two main events in the boxing mecca of the day, Madison Square Garden.

The latter two, however, were against Harold Green, who beat him both times in ten rounds. Now at the crossroads of his career, Graziano was matched against Billy Arnold, a Philadelphia bomber who had 28 knockouts in his 32 fights and went in as a favorite. "He was beating the . . . out of me, beating the crap out of me, hurting me . . ." Rocky went on, "I was the guy who liked to swap punches with a guy. Finally, in the third round, we started swapping punches and I hit him with my famous right hand on the chin and belted him out."

Graziano had arrived. His credentials in the ring—not to be confused with those outside—were further enhanced by knockouts of welterweight champions Freddie "Red" Cochrane and Marty Servo. Now the fight crowd, turning from the rigors of wartime problem-solving to the rituals of peacetime pleasure-seeking, began, in their free-wheeling mood, to put together a long laundry list of fights they'd like to see. And one fight headed that list: a Zale-Graziano set-to.

The fight was made for September 27, 1946. The place: Yankee Stadium. The fight crowd discounted "The Man of Steel" and his record of 60 wins—36 by KO, with six straight knockouts since he traded in the gold and blue of Navy for the black and blue of the ring—making Graziano an overwhelming 13-5 favorite in the opening odds. And although late Zale money came in, the odds closed at 7-5 for the 24-year-old challenger.

Zale's representative, Sol Gold, was so apprehensive of Rocky's propensity for the illegal that he suggested that "the referee sit outside the ring, just like it used to be in England." Then, challenged Gold, "if Rocky wants to play rough, Zale can show him just what rough and dirty fighting is all about."

THAT OTHER TREMENDOUS TRIPLE—ALI VS. FRAZIER

Echoes of the Zale-Graziano battles whispered between the lines of the reporters' accounts of the Muhammad-Ali-Joe Frazier matches during the first half of the 1970s. Just as in that earlier series, these matches would pit a man of controversy (Ali) against a solid citizen (Frazier).

Like Zale-Graziano, there would be three fights in all, two of them, fights of stunning ferocity, and the third, a contest whose only disappointment was that it couldn't quite achieve the impossible levels of the other two.

The first Ali-Frazier match had been affected by war just as the earlier Zale-Graziano fight had been. Tony Zale had spent four years in the Navy during World War II. Muhammad Ali had missed nearly three years after being banned from boxing since he protested America's involvement in Vietnam.

The first meeting between the two rivals took place at Madison Square Garden on March 8, 1971.

During Ali's hiatus from the ring, Joe Frazier had slowly built up a reputation as a punishing fighter. That reputation would never glow with the brilliance of Ali's unmatched ability, but Frazier's heart and his physical endurance were the equal of any. Certainly his 26-0 record, 23 of which were knockouts, gave him a legitimate, not merely official claim to the heavyweight title that he held on the eve of his first fight with Ali.

At age 29, Ali was noticeably heavier than he had been three years before, but he was just as quick, using every trick in the book.

Only in Round Nine did Ali seem as if he would finally break through to his opponent. He landed his best punches on Frazier's chin, and for the first time in the fight, rocked the champion back on his heels.

But Joe didn't fall and by Round 11, exhaustion was beginning to weigh upon the slumping Ali. About midway through the final round, Frazier caught Ali with a powerful left to his chin that sent him reeling back and down to the canvas. The former champion proved he had a heart to equal Frazier's in that moment—knowing all was lost, Ali still found the strength to rise, to deny his tormentor the ultimate satisfaction of a knockout.

But Muhammad Ali had lost for the first time in his career, and Joe Frazier had finally gained what he



Joe Frazier (left) and Muhammad Ali slug it out in their third match-up.

wanted—worldwide recognition that he was, indeed, the heavyweight champion of the world.

Unfortunately for both fighters' pocketbooks, neither held the title when they next met. Frazier had been stopped by George Foreman, so a 12-round non-title bout was the best the promoters could come up with.

It was a good fight, but with relatively little at stake, this second confrontation couldn't equal the intensity of that first collision. This time, Ali was able to hold and jab, and generally keep Frazier from boring in with his jackhammer-like blows.

Unless one of the two fighters could take the title from Foreman, there would be no third fight.

But then Ali psyched the much younger and stronger Foreman out of his newly won crown in a championship match that was held in the African country of Zaire. It was "the rumble in the jungle."

The third fight was on. It would be held in Manila, the capital city of the Philippines . . . Ali named this third confrontation, "The Chilla in Manila."

Both fighters approached the rubber match with undisguised disdain for each other. Ali taunted Frazier, calling him "the gorilla." Frazier returned the sentiment saying, ". . . it's real hatred . . . I don't want to knock him out . . . I want to take his heart out."

Ali surprised Frazier in the first round. Rather than dance around, he met Frazier in the center of the ring and slugged it out. In Round Two, he stuck Frazier with hard rights, but

Joe came right back with shots of his own. Still, it looked as if it might be a short night for Frazier.

Ali continued his domination through the third, but by Round Four, the tide slowly began to change. Frazier began to consistently land his best punch, a powerful left hook. By the end of the sixth, Ali knew this would be a fight at least as brutal as the first. For the first time, he sat on his stool for a brief respite from the pummeling he had received.

When he met Frazier for the opening of the seventh round, he said to him, "Old Frazier, why I thought you were washed up."

"Somebody told you all wrong, pretty boy," Frazier answered, as he powered in another left.

The pounding continued round after round. By the end of the tenth, the two warriors were even. But Ali was barely in the fight.

Somehow, throughout the constant pounding, the pain and the exhaustion, Muhammad Ali found a new well of strength and determination. In Round 12, he landed blow after blow against Frazier's head, nearly closing his left eye.

Ali saw the finish in his grasp. In the 13th, he landed a hard left that immobilized Frazier, and set him up for a right that staggered him.

By the 14th round, Frazier was fighting, or more exactly, standing, on instinct alone. In one stretch Ali landed nine straight rights against the defenseless Frazier, who had to be helped to his corner at the penultimate session's end.

There would be no 15th round. Eddie Futch, Frazier's trainer said, "I'm going to stop it." The battered fighter tried to protest, but to no avail. The fight was over.

But something had changed within both fighters. Disdain had been replaced by respect. Ali said it best. "Without (Frazier) I couldn't be who I am and without me he couldn't be who he is. We've been a pretty good team for four, five years."

Frazier returned the compliments. "I've seen walls tumble under shots like I gave him," Joe said. "He's a great champ."

Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier will be forever connected by the valor of their struggle against one another. Like Rocky Graziano and Tony Zale, they must be remembered together, for each without the other is a story only half-told.



TOP: Champion Tony Zale floors Rocky Graziano in Round One of their first championship fight. It was a harbinger of things to come. Although the challenger would return the favor in Round Two, Zale would end the slugfest with a tremendous right to the body followed by a left hook to the jaw in the sixth. ABOVE: A befuddled Rocky Graziano stands uneasily in the arms of referee Ruby Goldstein as he slowly realizes he has been down for the count in his first match with middleweight champion Tony Zale. Not wanting to admit defeat, he was still trying to get at Zale even though the fight was over.

Gold went on to cite three incidents in which he claimed Graziano had taken the name of the Marquis of Queensberry in vain: grabbing Freddie "Red" Cochrane, who was the welterweight champion at that time, by the throat and choking him with his left hand while hitting him with his right; knocking down Al "Bummy" Davis with a punch well after the bell, then hitting Davis while he was helpless on the floor, and failing to go to a neutral corner after flooring Marty Servo, standing over him, à la Jack Dempsey, and hitting the welterweight king as soon as his hands left the canvas.

"There hasn't been a fight in which Graziano has not broken one or more of the rules," Gold added gratuitously, but hardly graciously. He might have added that whatever the madness, Graziano's method seemed to work, as his record showed.

The day before the fight, Zale's manager, Art Winch, showed confidence his charge would have no trouble knocking Graziano silly. "Tony loves boxers who move in on him," said Winch. "Graziano's style is made for Zale. First he'll wear him down with body punches, then he'll finish him off to the head."

Winch's prediction almost came true in the first rib-crackers from the opening bell, and less than a minute into the fight; a perfectly-placed left hook had Rocky rolling around on the floor, groping for the ropes, desperately trying to pull himself upright. The crowd was frantic. The short-end bettors jumped up and down on their chairs, and threw their hats into the air. Up at the count of four, Graziano spent time covering up and Zale momentarily spent himself trying to land the one punch that would end the fight.

Suddenly, with less than 30 seconds to go in the round, the fight turned over on its back, and Graziano became the aggressor, battering Zale with a succession of rights to the head. Zale began stumbling haphazardly as the crowd roared its approval. Somewhere from deep within the waves of sound came the bell ending the best round of fighting seen at the Stadium since Dempsey-Firpo. And there was to be more.

Round Two saw Graziano, the one-time gutter fighter, revert to form and go right-hand crazy, delivering his meal ticket to Zale's head time-after-time. Chasing the champion all over the ring, Rocky landed four rights to Zale's jaw and the Man of Steel toppled to the floor. The bell ended the count at four.

In Round Three Graziano raced from his corner to pick up where he had left off, hammering the champion with his right. It seemed that nothing could save Zale, a veil now drawn over his eyes, his legs offering him no support. Miraculously, he weathered the rain of rights and made it back to his corner on unsteady pins.

Zale emerged from his corner for the start of Round Four looking amazingly fresh. Slowly, he turned his sights to Graziano's midsection and began to direct his fire down below. Alternating his attack to the jaw, Zale made Rocky wince with a series of left hooks as the tide changed again. In the fifth Zale continued to throw punches to Graziano's Achilles' midsection as Graziano backed away. But, like a caged tiger, he unleashed his own attack, lunging forward with his right and once again staggering the champion. By the end of the fifth, Zale was so dazed he started for the wrong corner. His cornermen rescued him and administered smelling salts.

With the force in him fading, Zale painfully rallied out of sheer will in the sixth, catching the charging Graziano with a paralyzing right hand not six inches above Rocky's waistband; a right which almost sank in wrist-deep. He followed that up with a left hook to the jaw. Suddenly,

Graziano sank to his haunches like an Indian chief squatting at council fire, there to listen to the fateful toll by referee Ruby Goldstein. He got up, but a nanosecond too late as Goldstein threw his arms around "The Dead End Kid," counted out for the first time in his career.

Graziano later lamented, "That right straightened me up, tightened me all over. It even clogged up my ears. Then I hear 'eight . . . nine . . . ten . . . ' It all came so fast."

But a rematch couldn't come fast enough for the fight-starved fans, and the two gladiators signed for another. Only this time the rematch wouldn't be in New York. For somewhere between the first fight and the scheduled second, someone dug up the fact that Rocky had been in the Army slammer for his altercation with the officer. That, coupled with the fact that he hadn't reported a bribe offer, gave the New York State Athletic Commission enough ammunition to lift his license. And so the two fighters took their death-defying, no-net act to Chicago the following July.

The rematch was a repeat of the first fight, with the scenario only slightly changed. This time it was the 34-year-old champion who dominated the early round, ripping and slashing his steel-like fists to Graziano's vulnerable midsection, where his exploring body shots hit paydirt making the challenger gasp audibly and double over. But Graziano refused to crumble, despite the excavating shots to the ribs.

Zale switched his attack to the head in Round Two, but by the end of the round was in trouble himself as Rocky connected with a long-swipe to the jaw that straightened up the champion and had him so bewildered he went to the wrong corner at the bell. In Round Three, Zale split open Graziano's left eye and floored him for no count with another right to the head. Then, for good measure, Zale drove the temporarily blinded Graziano into the ropes with an unanswered volley of punches. Round Four was more of the same as Graziano spent more time trying to wipe the blood out of his eye than trying to wipe out Zale.

As Graziano went to his corner at the end of the fourth, he had the look of a beaten fighter, a slit where his right eye had once been and blood streaming down his face from above and below his left. From somewhere in the inner recesses of someone's pocket in Graziano's corner, a quarter piece materialized and was used to press down on his swollen lump, breaking the skin and reducing the swelling and restoring his vision. With sight again in his right eye, Graziano now gave no quarter, setting his sights again on Zale. And connecting.

In the sixth, Graziano caught Zale with a right cross, then another, sending the champion a-reeling. Three more rights to the head and Zale went down. When he got up, Graziano was on him like a rabid dog biting left and right, all the time screaming to himself, "I'll kill the sonofabitch . . . I'll kill the bastard . . ." and putting punches to his muttered maledictions as if he intended to fulfill his threats. Finally, with a semiconscious Zale draped over the middle strand of ropes, referee Johnny Behr jumped in to save the helpless soon-to-be-ex-champion from the frenzied, mad-dog attack of Graziano.

But if it had been an improbable ending to an even more improbable fight, the aftermath would serve as an impossible Hollywood closing fade-out. For here was a beaten and battered man, his eyes a dishonest mismatch, his face the shape of a pumpkin, standing mid-ring and screaming into a microphone, "Hey, Ma, your bad boy done it . . . I told you, Somebody Up There Likes Me!"

It was a fitting climax for a Damon Runyon character, down to his last chance against improbable odds and somehow surviving. It was a dream come true, worthy of a



TOP: Rocky Graziano weighs in before his return match with middleweight champion Tony Zale (left). Graziano was determined to avenge his defeat at the hands of the champion in their first fight. It would be as vicious and violent a bout as the first, but this time, Graziano would prevail. MIDDLE: Graziano goes after Zale, but the latter is just quick enough this time to duck the onslaught. ABOVE: Rocky Graziano pummeling away at a helpless Tony Zale in the sixth round of their middleweight championship rematch. Graziano won this second fight because of his tremendous punching and gritty determination.

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Graziano was knocked out for the first time in his career by Tony Zale in the sixth round of their first fight. Graziano got revenge in the return match with a TKO . . . in the sixth round. Above: Graziano enjoys the fruits of victory.

romantic Hollywood potboiler, this time without the need for a Leo Gorcey or Huntz Hall.

But Rocky was to issue one more postfight utterance, this time directed to Zale: "You'll get your return bout . . . You're the guy I want to fight." Once more the two would light up boxing's skies.

The rubber match came eleven months later in Newark, N.J. a locale dictated by the fact that Graziano was still suspended across the river. It was to be the only one of their trilogy of fights that didn't, in the words of writer John McCallum, "Resemble a benefit for Murder, Inc."

The product of the Gary steel mills came out first—and fast—hooking a left to Graziano's jaw and knocking him down with less than a minute gone in the fight. The rest of the first round was all Zale's as he banged home his awesome one-two—a right to the body and left to the jaw—several times. Round Two was a carbon copy of Round One, with Zale throwing, and Graziano catching, combinations. Then, for a brief moment, Graziano flurried, cutting loose with some of his old ferocity and forcing Zale to retreat. The third round continued where the second had left off, and then the roof caved in on Rocky as Tony caught the champion with a left hook that floored him. As Graziano struggled upright to an unsteady position, using the ropes as a crutch, Zale was on him again, determined to end it all. He caught Graziano with a rib-crunching right and followed it up, in perfect tandem, with a left to the jaw. Graziano went down as if pole-axed, and lay there as referee Paul Cavalier counted out "The Rock" at 1:08 of the third round. That was the end to one of boxing's greatest series, postwar years or no.

Both Tony Zale and Rocky Graziano had gone to the mountain, and connected by resolve, determination and will, they had pushed and shoved each other to the summit of boxing achievement. And they had not made that arduous climb just once. When it was all over, they had struggled through three Herculean assaults on that shared peak of their combined ambition, as well as upon each other.

Within the confines of the boxing ring—that pristine laboratory that measures a man's desire in its rawest, purest form—two men of undeniably opposite composition fought their wars against each other with the same heart.

White hat or black hat, it didn't matter. In the ring their pasts were stripped away, and all thoughts of the future were forgotten.

In these three fights, there was only the eternal now of survival. The unremitting violence and aggression of these contests left no room for anything else.

And it was not just the fighters who were consumed by the fire of their mutual passion. The crowds that witnessed these conflagrations became a part of them, as well. The combined roar that rose from those tens of thousands washed over the fighters like a tidal wave, urging the two gladiators to ever greater levels of fury.

In recent times only the Muhammad Ali-Joe Frazier fights have a similar powerful resonance for those whose pulses quicken at the memory of the Graziano-Zale wars.

Graziano-Zale . . . Zale-Graziano . . . it doesn't matter. Both won and both lost. The summation of their mutual achievement is simple . . . three fights that weren't fights, but were wars with no survivors taken between two men whose names will forever be linked with a hyphen. □

PROTECTION AGAINST ORGANIZED MAYHEM

As the gladiators of the gridiron grew ever more proficient, their equipment and uniforms underwent a similar evolution influencing both the strategy and tactics of this singular form of war.

By Jeffry D. Wert

Football, to paraphrase a familiar saying, is a collision sport. The players participate in a carefully cadenced game of violence. Each one comes arrayed for battle in equipment which has evolved, like the game itself, from simplicity to complexity. The history of football in America can be measured, in part, from pigs' bladders to "The Duke," from Skookum Cloth to nylon-mesh, from "head harnesses" to bird-cage masks, and from "charley horse" pads to flak jackets.

The development of football equipment has followed a jagged route, more like a series of short, dump passes than a fly pattern. When Princeton and Rutgers met on November 6, 1869, in the first intercollegiate football game in America, the only piece of equipment used was the ball. The players discarded their hats, coats and vests and began playing. Today, by comparison, the total weight of the equipment used by a NFL team probably equals the combined weight of those two 1869 teams. This evolution from the rawboned to the padded has shaped the game of football in this country.

The only essential piece of equipment in the game is the football. A football is a prolate spheroid. The word prolate comes from the Latin *prolatus*, meaning stretched out. A prolate spheroid has a polar axis longer than its equatorial diameter. Only four sports use prolate balls—rugby, and American, Australian and Canadian football.

In their historic game in 1869, Princeton and Rutgers used a round English soccer ball. Five years later McGill University of Montreal and Harvard played with a rugby or prolate football. Soon most teams adopted the rugby-type ball.

A major problem with the early footballs was maintaining their inflation. In the second meeting between Princeton and Rutgers a flattened ball suspended play frequently, with the players taking turns blowing the ball up. In 1886 teams could purchase "The New Patent Foot Ball Inflator." Looking like a large syringe, it was advertised as being far superior to the usual brass pumps, with the

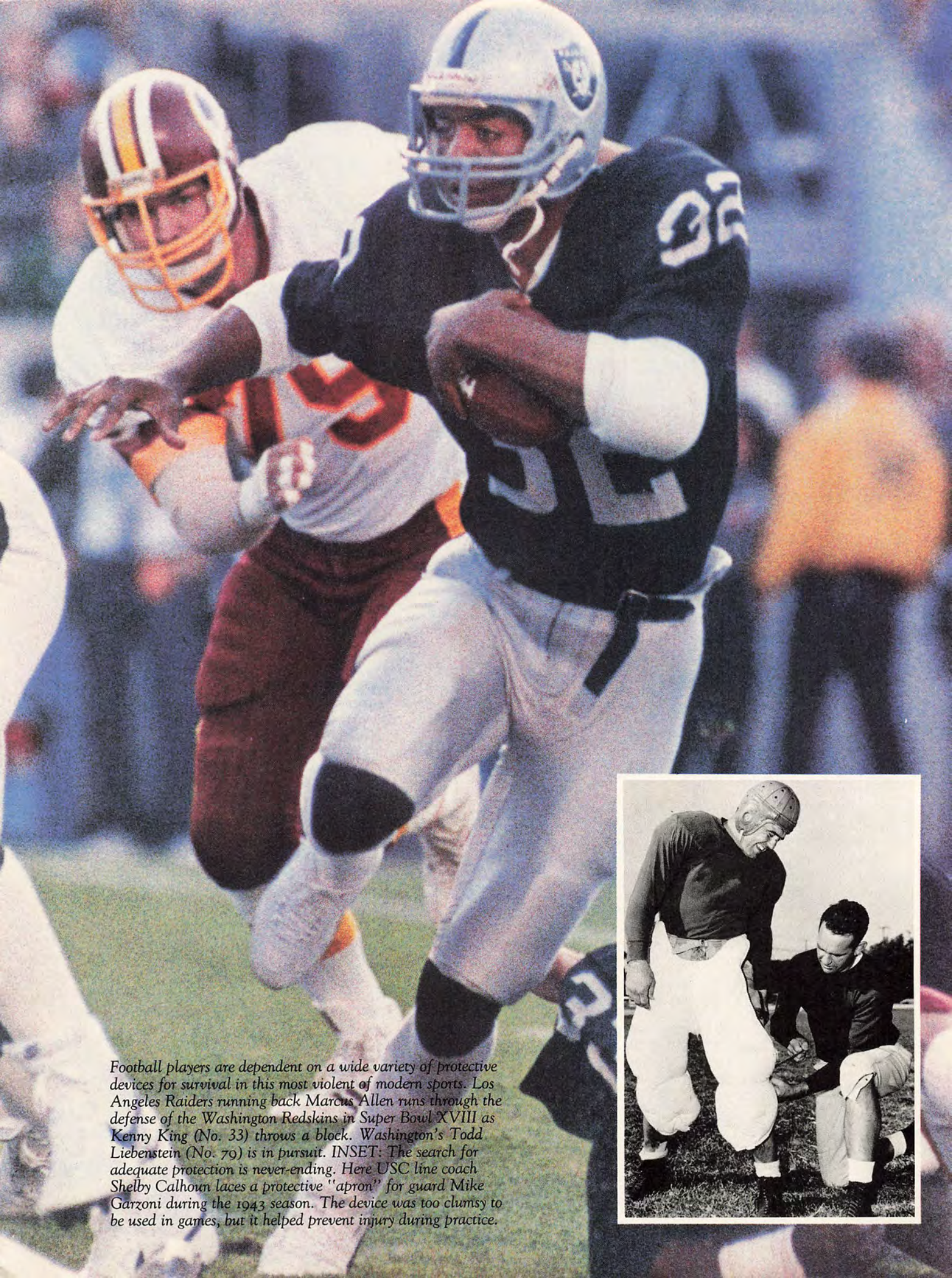
caution that "it is not advisable to inflate Foot Balls with the breath, as the moisture that collects in them soon rots the bladder."

Although it greatly speeded up a ball's inflation, the novel device did not solve the main problem. Deflated balls plagued the game for 50 years. By 1920, however, rubber valve stems and prelacing made the ball safer and easier to inflate. A ball no longer had to be unlaced in order to add air.

About this time the football's shape underwent critical modifications. Colleges in 1906 permitted the forward pass. For seven years teams virtually ignored this rule until the 1913 Notre Dame squad demonstrated its potential. Demands immediately arose for a lighter, slimmer ball, one a quarterback could pass. Within the next two decades, the football took on its modern shape. Its length was established at 11" to 11¼"; its weight at 12½ to 13½ pounds; and, its circumference around the middle at 21¼" to 21½".

College rules committees spearheaded the slimming of the football, while the newly formed National Football League altered the passing game. At the time colleges trimmed the ball's size, the NFL, in 1933 and 1934, created inbounds lines, or hashmarks, and allowed forward passes from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage. The two rules revolutionized the passing game, giving rise to bootlegs, rollouts and sprint-outs. A slimmer ball and the new rules opened the way in the 1930s and 1940s for such great quarterbacks as "Slingin' Sammy" Baugh, Sid Luckman and Bob Waterfield.

One of the game's most famous footballs, "The Duke," was developed during this era. Ed Thorp, a football official, formed a company, Thorp Sporting Goods. He sold his trademark ball, "The Duke," to the A.G. Spalding & Company Sporting Goods. Spalding manufactured the official NFL ball until 1941, when Wilson Sporting Goods replaced Spalding. Wilson kept the registered name, and "The Duke" was the league's official ball until 1969. In



Football players are dependent on a wide variety of protective devices for survival in this most violent of modern sports. Los Angeles Raiders running back Marcus Allen runs through the defense of the Washington Redskins in Super Bowl XVIII as Kenny King (No. 33) throws a block. Washington's Todd Liebenstein (No. 79) is in pursuit. INSET: The search for adequate protection is never-ending. Here USC line coach Shelby Calhoun laces a protective "apron" for guard Mike Garzoni during the 1943 season. The device was too clumsy to be used in games, but it helped prevent injury during practice.





By the mid-1920s football helmets made of leather were taking on a relatively modern shape. A few years earlier, internal web suspensions had been developed which helped to isolate the skull from the concussion of a direct hit. Although padding wasn't nearly as effective as in today's high-tech product, the basic elements had already been designed.

that year Wilson renamed it the "NFL," a designation it retains to this day.

Today's footballs, as they have been for decades, are made of steerhide. If footballs were ever made of pigs' skins, it has never been firmly established. Tradition maintains that balls in the 1800s were inflated animal bladders, primarily those of swine. A pig's skin and bladder are two different things, but the term "pigskin" became accepted. The bladder of a football is made of rubber and, if a pig's bladder was ever used, that fact is lost to history.

Nothing, however, separates a player of the 1870s from his modern counterpart more than the uniforms and protective equipment. The violent nature of the sport, combined with a team's desire for distinctiveness, propelled the development of the uniform. Changes came slowly, and frequently in the face of opposition.

The first uniforms gave only two bare hints of what was to come. In their historic 1869 game with Princeton, some Rutgers players wore scarlet stocking caps. Half a decade later, Harvard men wore sweaters and handkerchiefs around their heads while their McGill opponents donned white trousers, striped jerseys and turbans. Two years later, in 1876, players from either Princeton or Yale attired themselves in the first completed uniform specifically designed and manufactured for the game of football.

By the 1880s and 1890s all teams had some type of distinctive uniform. Pants and jerseys were usually made

of canvas. The pants were knee-length, while the jersey consisted of a short-or long-sleeved jacket with laces in the front. John W. Heisman, player and coach of that era, remembered the jerseys as "snug fitting," because tackling was "wild, haphazard clutching with the hands." Loose garments became prime targets for tacklers.

The era's tactics of the "mass wedge" and "flying wedge" also led to uniform innovations. Some players wore pants of black horsehair which made them slicker targets. "When you made a fumbling grab," recalled Heisman, "you lost your fingernails." Because the rules permitted offensive players to pull or yank along their runners, some backs sewed or riveted leather straps or handles on their shoulders or on their hips. "I still wonder," stated Heisman, "how some of the ball carriers escaped dismemberment."

By the turn of the century, moleskin, a heavy-napped cotton twill fabric, replaced canvas in pants. Fans no longer referred to players as "canvasbacks." A short-lived innovation of this time was a one-unit uniform, with the jersey and pants sewn together. The difficulty in putting on such a football suit—even "one leg at the time"—probably led to its quick demise.

The material used in uniforms changed little from 1918 until 1950, when synthetics arrived on the market. Cotton, wool and duck predominated. In 1933, the Spalding Company introduced the Skookum Cloth, touting it as

"the strongest, lightest fabric suitable for football pants." Whatever Skookum Cloth was, it had but a brief existence. A year after its introduction, knits appeared and dominated the market. The Rawlings Company, a few years earlier, added ribbing or "grip-sure cloth" to its jersey to assist would-be fumlbers in holding onto the recalcitrant prolate spheroid.

The manufacture of synthetics led to today's uniform. Various combinations of these chemical compounds were utilized. When the lighter, more comfortable nylon-mesh jerseys appeared, they soon dominated the market. Today's NFL teams get their jerseys from the Sand-Knit Corporation of Berlin, Wisc.

Decorations for football jerseys began as early as 1876, when Princeton team members had a "P" sewn on their sweaters. Either Glenn Warner or Amos Alonzo Stagg invented jersey numbers about 1905. Numerals became more important as the passing game developed.

Teams during the early decades of the 20th century wore nearly every imaginable combination of horizontal and vertical strips on their jerseys. Some of them must have looked like football fields run amok.

The familiar uniforms of today began emerging in the 1940s and 1950s. In the 1980s they are a blend of a team's traditional colors and design and the synthetic materials. The placing of a player's name on the uniform's back is of recent vintage, beginning in the 1960s.

While jerseys and pants identify teams and players, pads and helmets protect them. Football players and coaches, ironically, accepted the wearing of pads and equipment with grudging reluctance. Nevertheless, from no pads in the 1870s, today there are more than 100 different types of pads used in the sport.

Teams eschewed the use of protective devices during the game's early decades. Then, in 1888, the rules committee governing college football permitted tackling below the waist. Soon the spread formations of the 1870s and early 1880s gave way to the wedges. The game became a savage, injury-plagued sport. Protection was sorely needed.

In 1905 the University of Pennsylvania met Swarthmore in their annual game. The Swarthmore team was led by a 250-pound tackle named Bob Maxwell. The Penn players, believing that their chances for victory rested in neutralizing Maxwell, mercilessly pounded the opposing tackle until Maxwell was helped from the field. The next morning newspapers carried photographs of Maxwell's bloodied, battered face. An outraged President Theodore Roosevelt declared: "Improve the game or I will abolish it by executive edict."

The following year delegates from colleges and universities met and altered the rules. Players, in turn, began padding themselves. These rule changes moved the leading manufacturer of sporting goods to assert in 1909: "The roughness of the game has been practically eliminated by the new rules. Still, shin guards and shoulder pads are sometimes needed."

The Spalding Company's opinion was obviously ill-founded. The early pads were flimsy contraptions when compared to the modern combinations of plastic, foam and rubber. As Spalding noted, shin guards and shoulder pads were two of the earliest of the protective devices. Pads eventually were sewn into pants, protecting knees, thighs, backs and kidneys.

The various types of pads afforded the players minimal safety, however. An opponent of the great Packer end Don Hutson described Hutson's shoulder pads, worn in the late 1930s and early 1940s, as "a little-bitty old pair . . . he bought it in Woolworth's or maybe his wife made them." Hutson agreed, arguing that he had to buy them himself.



TOP: Nose guards came into use in 1890 when Princeton's Edgar Allan Poe wore one to protect his broken nose. Even later models, shown here, were not terribly effective. ABOVE: The well-dressed football player in the early 1900s wore only a canvas vest, some padding for the thighs and hips, and rigid leggings. They didn't call these players "iron men" for nothing.



Loosely organized games that included kicking a ball have existed for thousands of years in numerous cultures. In England they were played throughout a city's streets with the town's gates or similarly situated landmarks as the goals. Protective equipment was, of course, unknown. The game was so dangerous that, more than once, it was outlawed.

Players sometimes resorted to their own versions of protective gear. During the 1920s some professionals taped pieces of fiberboard, plaster or sheet metal to their arms. These "pads" served the dual purpose of protecting the wearer's forearms while giving him a more powerful blow. Its impact upon a weakly padded, often bareheaded opponent can only be conjectured.

The shoulder pads perhaps best illustrate the innovation and revolution in football equipment during the past few decades. The earlier versions, similar to Hutson's "little-bitty old pair," slumped weakly over a player's shoulders. In 1935 both Spalding and Rawlings advertised a cantilevered model, with straps holding the epaulets of the pad high above, and away from, the shoulder. The cantilevered epaulets absorbed the shock. From this model, improvements continued to be made, a blend of necessity and scientific research.

The modern shoulder pad has become the most personalized piece of football equipment. It is designed for size, the position, and often for the individual player. The shoulder pads of massive linemen dwarf those of trim running backs and wide receivers. It is also the one article of gear to which players evidently become most attached. Numbers of professionals have worn the same pair for years, even throughout their entire careers.

Today's players have pads for nearly every part of their bodies. A fully equipped player could wear pads for the shin, elbow, knee, thigh, hip, rib, hand, finger and forearm and upper-arm. Perhaps, it is of small wonder that "fanny patting" has become a part of the game. Few unpadded spots remain on a modern player where an appreciative teammate can show his approval for an outstanding play.

The piece of equipment accepted last by players and coaches was the helmet. Even as late as 1940, a few professional football players foreswore the protective headpiece. Casey Stengel, the major-league baseball player and manager, once joked that "I played football before they had headgear, and that's how I lost my mind."

The initial protection for the head utilized by football players was a luxuriant growth of hair. In 1889, Princeton team members began the practice of growing their hair long. Other teams immediately emulated it, and the fad lasted for half a dozen years.

In 1895, the powerful Yale squad, which won the Eastern championship, abandoned flowing locks for crew cuts. The Bulldogs' new look became the tonsorial fashion for football players for the next 70 years.

About this time the forerunner of a helmet, the "head harness," appeared. Made of leather, the "head harness" fit snugly against the skull, only pretending to protect the wearer. Many coaches and players refused to wear the odd-looking device. Glenn "Pop" Warner advised his Carlisle Indians in 1912 that "playing without helmets gives players more confidence, saves their heads from many hard jolts, and keeps their ears from becoming torn or sore." He added that he never saw a serious head injury, only hard bumps to the head which "so dazed the player receiving them that he lost his memory for a time and had to be removed from the game."

By 1920 helmets began the evolution towards the modern shape. Three years earlier the web suspension appeared which cradled the skull away from the leather shell. The webs absorbed and distributed the shocks. Two decades later, in 1937, a one-piece fiber shell replaced



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TOP: This 1946 publicity photo shows members of the Georgetown University (Washington, D.C.) squad demonstrating their new oxygen equipment. Georgetown used the oxygen during timeouts. MIDDLE: The football underwent a gradual evolution from the round ball to the "prolate spheroidal" shape in use today. This example from the 1920s is not as elongated as the present model. ABOVE: Members of a 1950s junior varsity team wear heavy padding during scrimmages.

leather, and sponge-rubber padding was added on the inside of the headgear.

The crucial breakthrough in the development of the helmet came in 1939. The John T. Riddell Company in Chicago invented and patented a plastic football helmet. A single, molded shell, it was clearly superior to the leather and fiber models. Riddell's plastic helmets were first worn that same year in a game played by college all-stars.

The outbreak of World War II slowed Riddell's marketing of its innovative headpiece. The U.S. Army, however, purchased the patent rights to Riddell's invention and manufactured millions of these headpieces in a slightly altered form for use as combat helmet liners. The first football team to wear plastic helmets was, fittingly enough, Coach Earl "Red" Blaik's national collegiate championship Army team in 1944.

In the years immediately after the war the plastic helmet became the standard model. Riddell's helmet gradually changed to its familiar teardrop shape. In 1948, Los Angeles Rams halfback Fred Gehrke painted yellow horns on his blue helmet. Although Gehrke had to retouch them after each contest, decorated helmets were soon to be a part of a team's distinctive uniform.

Although the college game mandated helmets in 1939, the NFL required the wearing of "head protectors" only five years before Gehrke painted his yellow horns. By that date, however, the overwhelming majority of professionals had been wearing helmets. Probably the last NFL player to participate in a game without a helmet was Chicago Bears end Dick Plasman, who insisted on playing bareheaded in the 1940 championship game against the Washington Redskins.

Also during the 1940s, the use of face masks increased. But, they, like other innovative devices, had a slow acceptance. Old professionals reckoned their toughness by the number of teeth lost and noses fractured. "It used to be a yardstick," according to Bill Granhold, a former equipment manager for two professional teams. "If you had your teeth, then you weren't much of a ballplayer. It was damn near a badge of honor. I won't say they knocked their own teeth out. But they were happy if they didn't have them." When the 1940 Chicago Bears team walked onto the field for the championship game with the Washington Redskins, every player discarded his bridgework into a trunk on the bench.

The original facial protector was used as early as 1890 by Princeton All-American Edgar Allan Poe, a great-nephew of the poet. He used a nose guard that year in a game against Yale, and other players started wearing the odd device. The nose guard had a hard leather proboscis which hung from a strap around the forehead. Another strap, which the player clenched in his teeth, held the nose guard in place. The medieval-looking device hampered vision and breathing and was soon discarded.

Players wore a "nose protector helmet" during the 1930s. It consisted of a molded piece of leather with holes for the mouth and eyes and covered the entire face. Players who wore the incongruous-looking protector resembled knight-errants prepared for a joust. Its career, too, was short-lived.

A handful of players initially began wearing the single bar face mask during that same decade. It was merely a rubber-covered wire screwed into the leather helmet. If a player were struck on the mask, he still absorbed the full blow. But, with the emergence of plastic helmets after the war—and their improved engineering that diffused the force of a direct blow—face masks gained acceptance.

Still, many players disdained the use of the masks. They viewed it as a threat to their masculinity. "I remember in

1950-51," Granholm has written, "we had a set of helmets on the Rams with face masks on them. We kept them in a bag next to the bench. We wouldn't use them unless the other team started throwing elbows and fists. Then the captain would come off the field and tell the coach, and we'd pull those helmets out. Then our guys'd go back in, and it was no-holds-barred. Today, that's the way a game starts."

Later in the 1950s, the NFL required the wearing of face masks. Bobby Layne, the Hall of Fame quarterback of the Detroit Lions and Pittsburgh Steelers, refused to abide by the mandatory ruling and never wore one, retiring in 1962. The last player who did not wear a mask was Boston Patriots defensive tackle Jess Richardson, who retired two years after Layne.

Cleveland Browns Coach Paul Brown and Gerry E. Morgan of the Riddell Company invented the bar tubular (BT-5) mask for Brown's quarterback, Otto Graham, in 1955. The great passer only wore it for one year and then retired. But, the single tubular bar, a combination of plastic and rubber, was the initial breakthrough in the development of face masks. This invention led to the variety of double bars, triple bars and bird-cages used by today's players.

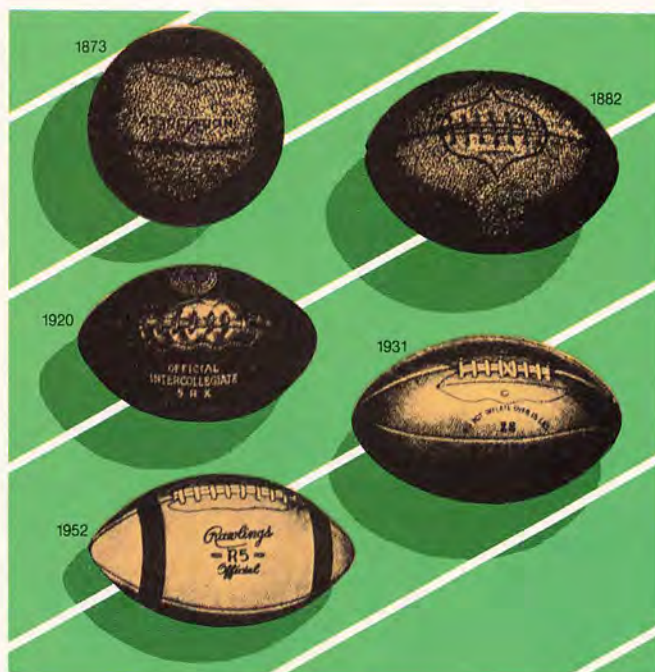
The final piece of football equipment which has undergone much change is the shoe. Football players began wearing "football shoes" during the last quarter of the 19th century. They were nothing more than baseball shoes with the spikes removed. By 1881, manufacturers were sewing leather strips over the soles. Within a decade, cleats were made by sewing leather strips over baseball spikes. During the 1890s, inverted pyramid-shaped cleats, made from pieces of leather glued together, were nailed to the soles of shoes.

The next innovation in cleats appeared in 1915. They were made of a one-piece fiber and also nailed to the sole. Six years later, sporting goods companies marketed interchangeable cone-shaped cleats. They screwed on or off a metal post attached to the sole. Although not widely used until the 1930s, the interchangeable cleats posed safety problems when a player lost his cleat. Consequently, in 1939, the college football rules committee ordered that cleats with attached posts had to be firmly inserted into the shoe.

The size and composition of cleats became standardized. The lengths of cleats were 5/8 of an inch for dry fields and one inch for muddy ones. The fiber cleat gave way to rubber, which was subsequently replaced by the widely used nylon, steel-tipped type. The most recent innovation in football cleats resulted from the adoption of artificial turf for many playing fields. A shoe for this surface has more and shorter cleats representing an effort to prevent knee injuries.

Shoes, like nearly every other piece of football equipment, gradually have become lighter in weight. "Low cuts," first won by the 1940 Chicago Bears, are the standard footwear of football players. With the game's emphasis on speed and quickness, the "high-top" shoe is by now nearly extinct.

Football equipment is an integral part of the game. An average NFL team spends approximately \$100,000 a year on equipment which is customized for players, for positions, for playing surfaces and for weather conditions. When an NFL team travels, it hauls roughly 4,000 pounds of gear. The violent nature of the game and the concern over injuries have led to this equipment tonnage. The game of football has not only been shaped by those who have coached it and played it, but also by what the players have worn. □



TOP: A round soccer ball was used in the first football game in 1869. Over the years, however, the football became increasingly slimmer and elongated. MIDDLE: It's 1937 spring practice at Temple University. Chuck Winterbottom, the team's line coach, watches his charges as they go through agility drills. ABOVE: This photo was taken in 1907. Headgear wasn't mandatory in college until 1939. Professional football didn't require helmets until 1943. The thigh pads pictured above were strips of cane sewn into the pants.

In 1966 the Boston Red Sox had their eighth straight losing season . . . 1967 didn't look any better.

By M.A.C. Stevens

Remember the story of the incredible 1967 Boston Red Sox? *The Impossible Dream Remembered* by Ken Coleman and Dan Valenti (The Stephen Greene Press, Inc., 1987, \$18.95) tells that story and tells it well. Just one year before, the Red Sox had stumbled to an ignominious 72-90 season for their eighth straight losing season. Perhaps the ultimate example of that awful year was a single game in which the team hit its way into six double plays.

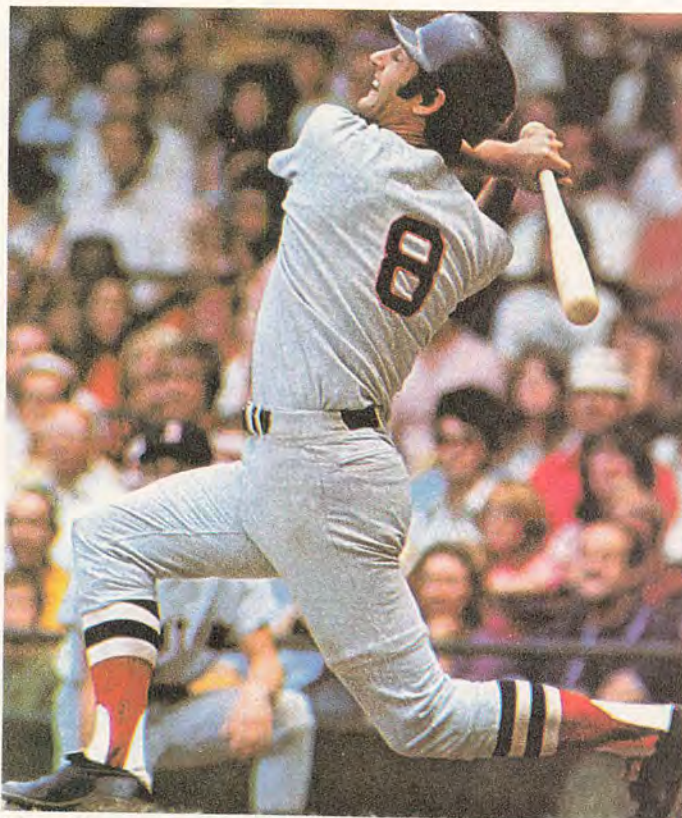
Boston was in trouble, and not just on the playing field. In 1965 the team had an average attendance figure of just over 8,000 per game. One day that year just 461 die-hard fans showed up to cheer their tarnished heroes.

When the 1967 season opened, virtually no one gave Boston a prayer to have a winning season, much less take a pennant. What happened that year is still incredible and inexplicable.

When the Red Sox took the American League pennant on the last day of the season, it truly was the impossible dream. Who would have guessed that Jim Lonborg could win 22 games? In his first two years he won nine and 10, respectively. One wonders of the astonishment that must have reigned when mid-season acquisition Gary Bell posted 12 games in the win column after joining the suddenly rampaging Red Sox.

In addition to the former Cleveland pitcher, Boston made another immaculate move in gaining the services of erstwhile Chicago White Sox infielder, Jerry Adair. In his 89 games, Adair hit safely 92 times and batted a nifty .291.

But everything, and everyone, pales in comparison to the influence that Carl Yastrzemski had on the club that



When Boston won the pennant in 1967, it was to Carl Yastrzemski that all bowed in homage. He had won the coveted Triple Crown and was a runaway for MVP honors.

year. The successor to Ted Williams had a season of which even the Splendid Splinter would have been proud. He led the league in runs (112), hits (189), homeruns (44), RBIs (121), batting average (.326) and slugging average (.622). Yaz capped that glorious season with a Triple Crown and the MVP award. His exploits lifted the entire team to a level of excellence and accomplishment that had been unknown for an entire generation.

Remembering that remarkable year, the two authors have produced a vibrant, colorful commentary that overall is quite successful in presenting the emotions and events of Boston's miraculous odyssey.

Ken Coleman has been broadcasting Red Sox games since 1966, and he has been a New Englander all of his life. Dan Valenti is a writer who lives in

New England, as well, and it is evident from the tenor of the writing that they not only know their subject thoroughly, but that they care about this team. . . care like it was a member of their own families.

Their story is full of both triumph and failure. It would have been nice to have related a little more of the silliness that always exists wherever grown men play a kid's game, but perhaps the import of what the Sox were accomplishing diminished the psychological opportunities for such levity.

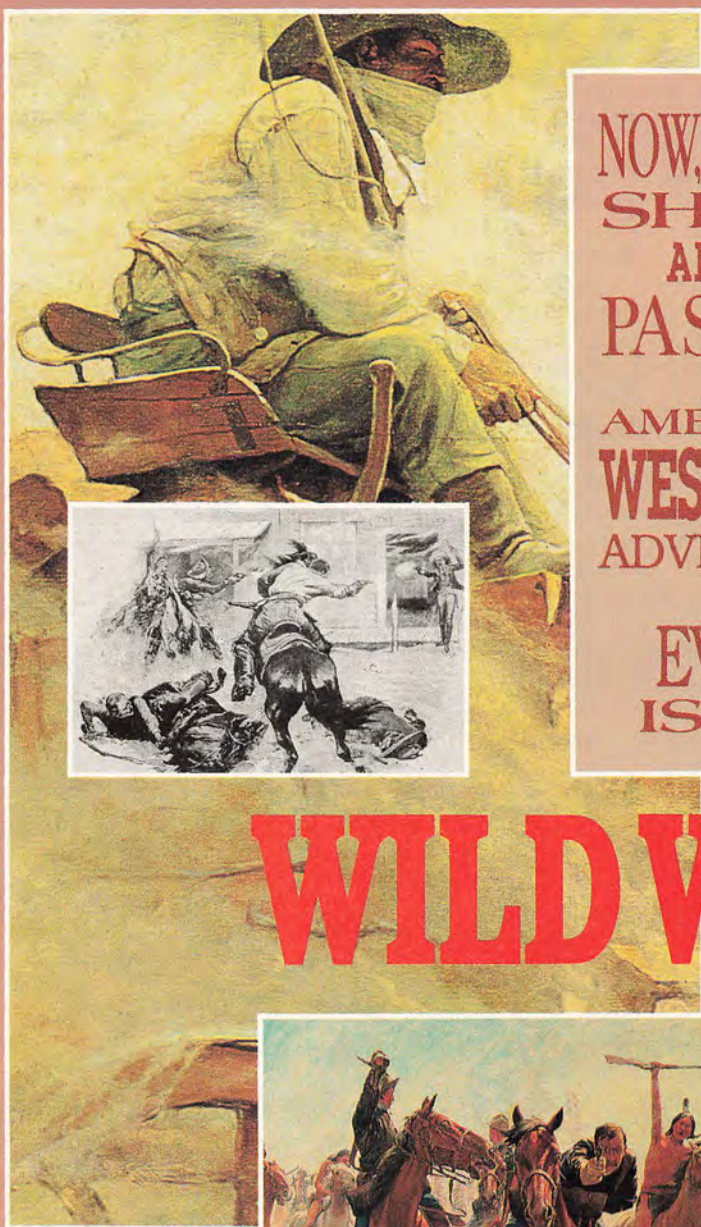
Oddly enough, the book's impact on the reader depends in large part on its layout, and not its writing style, or more correctly—styles. The main body of the book is written in diary form. Each day of the '67 season is noted, and various events both on and off the field are related.

Often there is a separate narrative in a different typeface running over the diary. This can be anything from straight interviews to almost poetic asides.

In a larger font of the just mentioned top running narratives, there is yet another point of view given in the open spaces (they are wide) between the diary entries and the edge of the page. These are prefaced with their own headlines.

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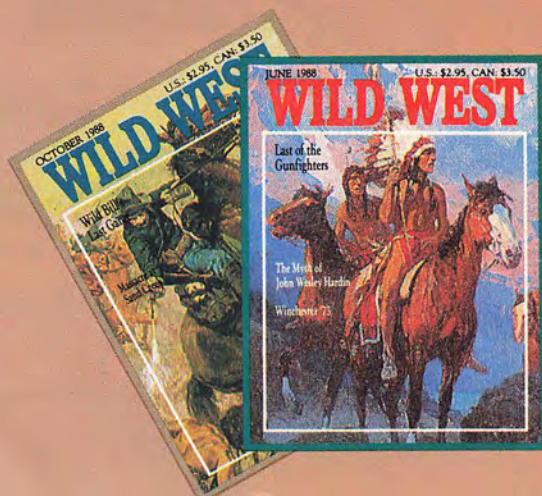
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But format aside, *The Impossible Dream Remembered* is a thorough, insightful and lively story. In reality it is the story of a dream not quite fulfilled, as is the story of the Boston Red Sox since 1918. They lost the 1967 Series to the Cardinals in an exciting seven-game struggle, and in fact have yet to win that ultimate contest.

But after what that franchise had been through, 1967 was a near-perfect vindication. It restored the Red Sox both emotionally and financially, and it gave truth to the hope that better times lay ahead.

The Impossible Dream Remembered tells us that story, and if you can adapt to the multiple narratives, it tells it well.

Newton at the Bat: The Science in Sports edited by Eric W. Schrier and William F. Allman, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1987, \$7.95.

Does a curve ball really curve, or is it just an optical illusion? Years ago, *Life* magazine performed a series of strobe-lighted photographic experiments to settle the question. The magazine came down firmly on the side of the illusion theory.

Look magazine, *Life's* major competitor of the day, set up its own strobe tests and, not surprisingly, found that the ball really did curve.

Today, it is agreed that the curve ball is not an illusion... and that the knuckleball, as well, really does move in some very strange ways.

The reasons for these phenomena lie in the realm of physics, a subject that most sports fans find even more elusive than the directions for filling out IRS tax forms.

Newton at the Bat explains why and how the ball behaves according to classical physical laws, and it does so in a straightforward manner that is easily understandable to even the most mathematically incompetent. Important points are further clarified using diagrams and photographs.

Baseball is just one of the sports covered in this book. Basketball, boxing, golf, tennis, bowling, track and field, sailing, and many others have their equipment—and even their athletes—analyzed from the viewpoint of the physicist.

Adding to the book's interest are bits of history about each sport, information about the people who made these investigations and narratives on the experiments, themselves.

This is the paperback version of the original which was published in 1984. However, this latest edition includes five additional stories. Read it and impress your friends.

Ellis Herman

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- ☐ 1927 Yankees
- ☐ 1932 Yankees
- ☐ 1961 Yankees
- ☐ 1969 Mets
- ☐ 1954 Giants
- ☐ Mantle, Mays, DiMaggio, Snider
- ☐ Mantle hanging up #7
- ☐ DiMaggio & Feller
- ☐ Maris holding up #60
- ☐ Feller pitching to Williams
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GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORTS

- ☐ Super Bowl III - Jets stun Colts
- ☐ Mickey Mantle - Yankee Stadium farewell
- ☐ Jim Brown - A new rushing record
- ☐ Colts beat Giants - 1st sudden death
- ☐ Willie Mays - '54 W.S. catch vs. Indians
- ☐ Bobby Thompson - Famous HR vs. Dodgers
- ☐ Hank Aaron - Record 715th home run
- ☐ Sandy Amoros - '55 W.S. catch vs. Yankees

- ☐ Lavagetto - Ends '47 W.S. no hitter vs. Yankees
- ☐ Pete Rose - 44-game hitting streak
- ☐ Stan Musial - Five homers in one game
- ☐ Bears beat Redskins 73-0 in 1940
- ☐ Wilt Chamberlain - 100-point game
- ☐ Jesse Owens - Four golds in '36 Olympics
- ☐ Willie Mays - Four homers vs. Braves
- ☐ Ted Williams - '41 All-Star Game homer
- ☐ Reggie Jackson - Five W.S. homers
- ☐ Christy Mathewson - Retiring great
- ☐ USA vs. USSR - Olympic hockey gold
- ☐ Gale Sayers - Six TDs in game vs. 49ers
- ☐ O.J. Simpson - Sets new rushing record
- ☐ Lou Brock - Sets base stealing record
- ☐ Al Gianfriddo - Great catch off DiMaggio
- ☐ Sandy Koufax - Perfect game
- ☐ Ted Williams - Four homers in a game
- ☐ Ali-Foreman heavyweight fight
- ☐ Louis-Schmeling heavyweight bout
- ☐ Miracle Mets win '69 World Series
- ☐ Dizzy Dean - Wins 30th game in a season
- ☐ Reggie Jackson - 3rd homer in one W.S. game
- ☐ Bill Mazerowski - Dramatic 9th inning W.S. homer
- ☐ Jackie Robinson - Winning 10th inning W.S. hit
- ☐ Ted Williams - Retires
- ☐ Frank Gifford - Suffers concussion vs. Eagles
- ☐ Mantle & Maris - 109 total homers
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GREAT MOMENTS

Continued from page 10

Needless to say, the criteria were not met—according to Schuyler—and Steers had to settle for \$20,000 of the \$30,000 he had contracted for.

At least the yachting fellows allowed Steers, his older brother and two nephews to make the crossing to England on the boat that he designed and built. Stevens and company didn't join them, however. The owners took a steamboat.

Once the destination had been reached, Steers and his group were billeted ashore while the yachties came aboard. The atmosphere became so unpleasant that all but one of the nephews left England for the United States two days before the actual race. It has been noted that the captain of the *America*, Mary Taylor skipper Dick Brown, missed them immensely.

The race was to be held around the Isle of Wight, an island of about 150 square miles off the southern coast of England in the Channel. Before the *America* reached her berth with the Royal Yacht Squadron at the resort town of Cowes, however, she faced an unexpected challenge.

A heavy fog off the island made it impossible for *America* to dock when she arrived, so it was decided to anchor about five miles out until the next morning. An English racing yacht, the *Lavrock*, ostensibly came out to guide the Americans into the harbor at Cowes. Instead of simply going about that assignment, the English vessel gave unmistakable signals that she wanted to race. The U.S. boat, however, was still loaded with provisions from her voyage, and thus was well-overburdened.

When the match began, *America* was blocked from the wind, being leeward and behind the British vessel. Her position was almost impossible to improve. Yet Steers' design enabled her to make the most of what air she could capture, and quite soon *America* had badly beaten *Lavrock*.

It was a win that while good for morale was bad for the pocketbook. Stevens and his friends had hoped to recoup their expenses by betting on themselves to win the race against the British yachts. But now the secret was out. What had only been rumor was now established fact. The American entry was not just fast, she was faster than any racing yacht that had ever been built.

As the *America* anchored near the Royal Yacht Squadron clubhouse, virtually everyone on the island was



(One of William Teacher's favorites:)

**AS I GROW OLDER,
I PAY LESS
ATTENTION TO
WHAT MEN SAY.
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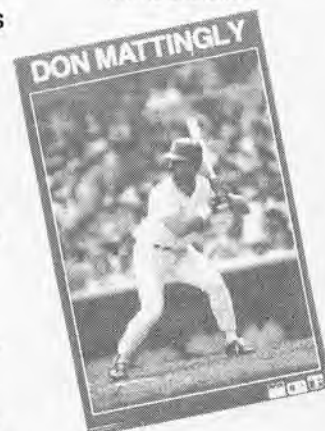
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watching, and they could all measure the nearly half-mile that separated the two boats. Needless to say, the syndicate would reap no reward from betting. If any of the British betting crowd were overconfident at first, they certainly weren't now.

Still, important factors mitigated against a runaway by the American boat. The course was about 50 miles in circumference around the Isle of Wight. In addition to the *America*, some 17 yachts were entered, of which 14 actually made the mark. Ranging from 47 to 392 tons (the *America* rated 170 tons), both schooners and cutters carried widely varying amounts of sail. It was to be a simple, straightforward race, with no allowance for physical differences.

The start would be a virtual free-for-all, and if there were any collusion among some of the British entrants, the U.S. entry ran the possibility of being blocked behind a wall of belligerent vessels.

The course was difficult, especially for a newcomer. As the *London Times* reported: "The course . . . is one of the most unfair to strangers that can be selected . . . inasmuch as the current and tides render local knowledge of more value than swift sailing and nautical skill."

Whatever the second thoughts on either side, however, the die was cast. On August 22, 1851, at 10 a.m., the race for the Royal Yacht Squadron's 100-guinea cup would commence.

As the day of the race dawned, a mist covered the harbor at Cowes. By nine, it had lifted and a light breeze began blowing in from the west, soon becoming southwesterly.

Just before the gun, *America* was ready, her sails set, her crew champing at the bit. But the wind freshened, and with the anchor still down awaiting the starting blast, *America* kept overriding her anchorline, causing her to twist and turn, and making it impossible for her to position herself correctly. To raise the anchor, the sails would have to be dropped.

In the midst of this turmoil, the starting gun sounded, and by the time the U.S. vessel was underway, she was dead last. But that was just the beginning of her travails, although she moved smartly, quickly passing most of the British boats.

There are conflicting reports that four of the competitors did try to collectively block *America* when she tried to get through the crush, but these accounts appeared years after the race and might not be reliable. In any event, it didn't matter at all. Within about a quarter-hour of her start, only



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The yacht *America* leaves Boston Harbor in this painting of the first winner of the international racing cup that bears her name.

the *Constance* (schooner, 218 tons), the *Beatrice* (schooner, 101 tons) and the *Gipsy Queen* (schooner, 100 tons), led the U.S. boat.

As the wind increased slightly, the *Constance* and *Beatrice* fell off. Only the *Gipsy Queen* spoiled the Americans' view of open sea.

Then the wind died to a whisper. Suddenly, out of nowhere came the little 48-ton cutter, *Volante*, skittering across the becalmed waters. The British ashore let out a loud cheer, but the sailors among them knew a deeper truth. *America* had already shown herself the swiftest in all but the most gentle zephyrs, and this was the English Channel. Soon, the wind would blow again.

By 10:45, *Volante* and *Gipsy Queen* still led the American yacht. A little more than 20 minutes later, nine of the 15 boats were separated by little more than three minutes of sailing time. Those watching ashore must have begun to wonder if perhaps *America* wasn't a bit overrated.

At last, however, the wind began to blow a steady pace, and *America* soared like a beautiful winged creature over the lapping waves. Her fine light cotton sails, stiff and flat, were an elegant reproach to the heavy, dingy hemp troughs that bowed and bilged atop the British boats.

By 11:30 *America* had raced past them all and taken down her jib, daring her hosts to fly along with her . . . if they could.

She cut through the sea like a knife. Where the others thrashed and rolled, *America* was the sea's own, a goddess in the great lord Neptune's domain. She was nobility striding out from a host of a lesser breed. And now she raced only against herself.

As *America* made the first turn at Nab Light, her nearest pursuer was at least two miles behind. The wind died

again halfway through this leg, and a little farther on, her extended jibboom snapped. It didn't matter, the skipper was delighted that the "damned" thing was gone. He had never wanted to carry a flying jib to windward. *America* didn't need it.

In all, 15 minutes were lost while the crew cleaned up the mess, but the wind stayed quiet and no one could take great advantage of the mishap. Soon she was flying again to St. Catherine's Point, the halfway mark of the race. As *America* passed the point, she took a port tack and, under a freshening breath, was making way smartly at 14 knots.

When the Needles, narrow rock outcroppings off the western tip of Wight, came into view, the yacht was three-quarters home, and about eight miles in front of her nearest challenger. Among the pleasure boats stationed about that mark was the 200-foot paddlewheeled steamer, the *Victoria and Albert*, floating palace to the Royals whose names it bore.

As the crew saluted and then began preparations for the final leg home, the Americans' lead was so formidable that from every spectator boat could be heard the same refrain:

"Is the *America* first?"

"Yes."

"What's second?"

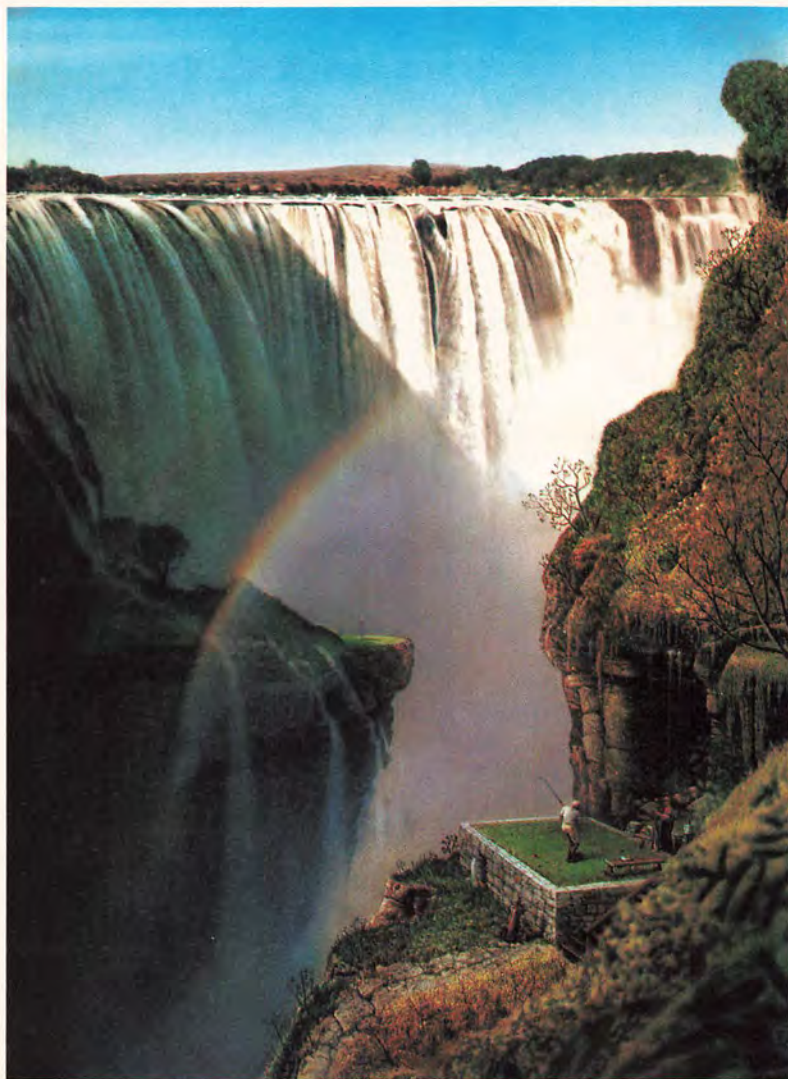
"Nothing."

Although legend has it that the above was uttered by Queen Victoria herself, Charles Boswell, author of the superb book, *the [sic] America*, says it's not so. Similarly, the story that has Daniel Webster orating, "Like Jupiter among the gods, the *America* is first and there is no second!"

Whatever anyone said along those lines, it is nearly certain that such sentiments were broached along the three-quarter mark and soon thereafter. For the wind died again and it took the

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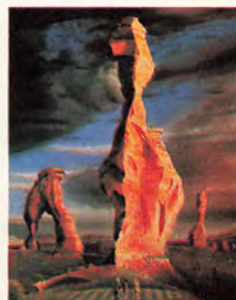
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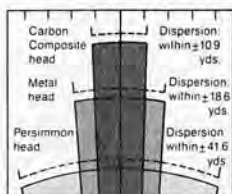


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heretofore flying yacht another three hours to beat her way home against the tide.

When at last *America* crossed the line it was 8:37 p.m. The second-place finisher was the smallest yacht in the race, the 47-ton cutter *Aurora*, which had made the best of her slight weight in the negligible home-leg breeze.

The next day Queen Victoria and her consort, Albert, visited the American yacht. Again, according to Boswell, one charming legend has it that Captain Brown "insisted that the Prince wipe the mud from his shoes before proceeding below." Perhaps its only legend, but it is also just the kind of comment the old salt would make.

Although her greatest race was over, the history of *America* had only just begun. It was not a particularly happy one. The members of the syndicate were not sentimental men, and since they hadn't won any large bets, they sold their marvelous boat to an Englishman for \$25,000, getting back their original investment, and their expenses as well.

America spent most of the next eight years at Cowes. When the U.S. Civil War broke out, she was bought by a Confederate from Atlanta who had her fitted out as a blockade runner.

Very early on, *America* was chased by a Union gunboat up a Florida river where her crew was forced to scuttle her in 1861. Union forces repaired and refloated her and used her in the blockade off Charleston, South Carolina. Soon after, she became a training ship for the United States Naval Academy's midshipmen.

In 1873, General Ben Butler of Boston bought the yacht for \$5,000 and kept her for nearly 20 years. At least she was now being used as a racing and pleasure boat again. In fact, one of two major rebuilds was carried out by the famed designer, Donald McKay, who had been responsible for many of the fastest clipper ships ever built.

By 1921 *America* was back at the Naval Academy as a gift to the nation. She was neglected and rot set in. A move to restore her had to be postponed when World War II broke out, but she was past the point of saving, and at war's end she was finally broken up. Pieces that could be saved were divided among several repositories of naval memorabilia.

For a wooden boat, the *America* lived a long life. She was the first of the great ocean-racing yachts, and she brought unending honor to those that built her and raced her. She brought even more honor to the country that she represented at that 100-guinea cup race . . . the *America's* Cup race. □

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PERSONALITY

Continued from page 8

grow during his high school years. He broke all scoring records at his school, averaging almost 31 points per game his senior year, and in 1953 he became the first West Virginia high school player to be named an All-American. He was voted the outstanding player in the state that year, and he capped his illustrious high school career by throwing in 45 points in a game between the Kentucky All-Stars and the West Virginia All-Stars.

College scholarship offers poured in. Hundley's first choice was North Carolina State, because he wanted to play for its coach, Everett Case. But he signed with West Virginia when N.C. State was put on probation for giving Hundley an illegal tryout.

Colleges were not the only ones to notice Hundley's talent. The owner of the professional Philadelphia Warriors attempted to sign Hundley after high school, but since Hundley had already committed to West Virginia, the professional leagues had to wait. "The Warriors' owner tried to get changed the rule that said I had to wait until my college class graduated, but he couldn't. I was at the Warriors' camp. I was gonna make the team."

College is where Hundley found his first real home. He never horsed around during a high school game "because nobody was doing that at the time," and he showed only a serious side in his first college freshman contest by dominating play and scoring 50 points against Washington and Jefferson. The remainder of the schedule was just as easy, with the talented West Virginia squad winning handily.

After the game in which Hundley's opponent fell to the floor, Hundley decided to break the monotony of the one-sided contests by clowning around a bit. He started to dribble in a fancy manner, dish out passes with a showman's flair, take shots from behind his back, spin the ball on his fingertips, and jabber at the official scorers. Incredibly, in six games, Hundley would not even take a shot because the competition was too easy.

The freshman five began outdrawing its own varsity team. It was not uncommon for fans to watch Hundley and the freshmen team, then leave when the varsity took the floor for its own game. West Virginia Athletic Director Red Brown said of Hundley, "We could be playing the Girl Scouts and he'd fill the joint." Fans were flocking to the arena to see "Hot" Rod Hundley perform his magic.

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Hundley did not make everyone happy with his antics, particularly some opposing coaches. In one sophomore-year game against George Washington University, Hundley set himself at the line for two free throws. Since West Virginia had the game wrapped up, Hundley hooked the first shot and tossed the second from behind his back, leading former LaSalle coach Ken Loeffler to say disdainfully, "I wouldn't have a boy on my club who shot a foul shot behind his back."

But Hundley knew what drew the crowds, and he only hammed it up after the game was well in hand. His West Virginia coach, Fred Schaus, claimed that Hundley "used very good judgment. He didn't mess around when he should not have, or carry it too far and make the other team mad."

Hundley always believed he played his best basketball when he was loose and relaxed anyway, so the verbal asides and the acrobatic moves helped him stay in the flow of the game. As Red Brown said, "You couldn't have said, 'Hot Rod, you've got to cut this out!' It would have stifled his initiative."

Initiative is just what Hundley used, as he became as well known for his court antics as he was for pure talent. In one game against the University of Richmond, with his team leading by six points and a minute-and-a-half to go, Hundley used up the remaining time by dribbling circles around the other team, and rolling the ball over his shoulders whenever an opponent lunged for it. When the clock ran down to three seconds, Hundley tossed the ball high into the stadium rafters so that it would hit the floor as time expired.

Against Pittsburgh, he instituted a new move called the "praying mantis"—a one-hand shot at the basket from ten feet away while kneeling on the floor.

Hundley sank his praying mantis shot, as he did the majority of his attempts. But when he ran into one of his infrequent cold spells, he had a routine ready. After missing five straight shots in one game, Hundley climbed up the pole supporting the basket and checked the net as though he were making sure nothing was obstructing the opening.

Hundley loved the excitement of the game. If his coach took him out of the action for more than a few minutes, he was not above standing on the bench and leading his fans in a roaring chant of "We want Hundley! We want Hundley!" He knew what the fans had come for, and during a game against Pittsburgh, when Schaus hesitated to put Hundley back in, Hundley pointedly asked, "Fred, what do you think

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they came to see—me or the game?" Schaus put him back in.

Hundley's showmanship garnered national attention. Duke's basketball coach claimed Hundley made the ideal public relations man for any school, and *Time* magazine glowed that his style of basketball "can change collegiate basketball . . . into the exciting spectacle it was meant to be."

Showmanship means little on the basketball court without talent. Hundley had an abundance of that. He may have clowning around when a game's outcome was decided, but underneath all the glitter existed a man who knew how to play the game. He set 23 school records at West Virginia, including most points scored for a season (711) and most free throws made (191). Some newspapers compared him to the Boston Celtics' Bob Cousy, and others predicted he would become the best player in college basketball and a star in the professional ranks.

Contrary to his outward demeanor, Hundley took basketball seriously. He practiced his shooting and passing every day of the year; he even gave up a promising baseball career to concentrate on basketball. Red Brown claimed Hundley excelled at leading the fast break and would come "roaring down the middle with a man on each side of him, as if to say, 'I'll give you the ball,' " and I'll give you the ball, but, brother, if you can't make it, give it back to me.

The basketball world recognized Hundley's talent by twice naming him All-American. Following his senior year, the Minneapolis Lakers selected Hundley as the first pick in that year's professional draft.

Ironically, the man who felt so at home playing basketball in front of thousands of people was unable to relax in the classroom surrounded by only a few classmates. He often cut classes to play pool or work at an odd job. For a time, he was a lifeguard at a local pool. Fortunately Hundley never had to save anyone—he didn't know how to swim.

"I always had trouble staying in school," recalls Hundley. "I couldn't wait to get out of class. Everyone was staring at me, and I felt so inferior. I was king on the court, but I went into a shell in the classroom."

Of course, you do not have to worry about feeling inferior in the classroom if you are rarely there, and Hundley had the West Virginia athletic department turned around in circles trying to keep him in school. "He was like a wisp of smoke," says Red Brown. "Here, there, everywhere."

Brown stayed on Hundley's tail,

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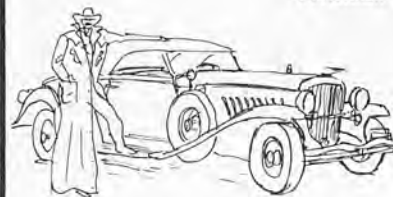
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though, and helped get him through school. The two men developed a warm relationship. Hundley even lived at Brown's home for a time. "Brown was like a father to me," says Hundley. "He was the first person who tried to



"Hot" Rod Hundley was unquestionably a masterful passer and shooter.

give direction to my life. Often he'd come barging into my room and yell, 'Get your butt to class!'"

Before Hundley embarked upon his professional career, he put together a squad called the Hundley All-Stars and toured West Virginia, playing thirty contests in as many nights. Again, Hundley's flair for showmanship ensured an entertaining evening for the local fans. Each player on the team, no matter what his basketball background, was introduced with an appropriate sobriquet. Thus, at every stop, there was always the "two-time All-America from Villanova" even though there was actually none, the "local favorite", the "Bristol Bomber", and the "rookie sensation". After all the introductions, Hundley appeared on the court with the announcer saying excitedly, "And now . . . Hot . . . Rod! Hunnnnddldlley!"

The fans loved the Globetrotter-style spectacle. In fact, Hundley received an offer from the famed Harlem Globetrotters, but turned it down for his NBA career.

In 1957, Hundley signed a one-year, no-cut contract paying the then munificent sum of ten thousand dollars to play for the Minneapolis Lakers. He found that playing in the professional ranks was far different from college ball where he alone could dominate a game. He played less than he did in college and lost some of his confidence. And, of course, he was unable



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to put on a show like the ones in his college days.

"I thought I was the greatest when I came in. After a while I wasn't sure I was any good at all . . . I was mixed up and depressed. It was a while getting through to me that I wasn't the big star, but just another player."

Hundley never let his court problems or the exhausting NBA schedule interfere with his busy social life, though. He like to say that he "slept all day and went out all night and squeezed the ball games in-between. If anyone called me before noon, I thought they were out of their minds."

But he always took the game seriously, and he worked hard to adjust his talents to the team's needs. By his third season Hundley led the squad in assists and rebounds, and was named to the 1960 All-Star team, the first of his two appearances.

In 1960, the franchise was moved to Los Angeles. Hundley loved his years there—Los Angeles was his kind of town. He lived on Malibu Beach, wore expensive clothes, and even auditioned for a television program, *No Time for Sergeants*. He felt more comfortable when his college coach, Fred Schaus, took over the Lakers' reins and when the team drafted his college teammate, Jerry West.

The old Hundley reemerged. During one game, Hundley dribbled over to where the singer-actress Doris Day was sitting and told her his next shot was for her. When he badly missed an attempted hook shot, Hundley returned and apologized. "But I tried, baby, I tried."

Even though Hundley won headlines such as "Clown Hundley Puts on a Real Show," he never lost sight of the fact that it was his basketball talent that was the basis for his success. Red Brown summed up Hundley by emphasizing, "He likes to pretend he doesn't care or doesn't know, but he knows the game forward and backward." Hundley played well enough that year to be once again named an All-Star.

Hundley's career spanned six years in the NBA, all with the Lakers. After leaving the Lakers, Hundley worked in sales and promotion for three years. In 1968, he started his broadcast career by doing Los Angeles games with Chick Hearn. He is currently employed as a broadcaster by the Utah Jazz basketball organization and is a member of the West Virginia Hall of Fame.

Even though Hot Rod Hundley was never on a championship team, he is proud of the fact that he was a professional, "and that was good enough for me. I was lucky to have been a professional player." □



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